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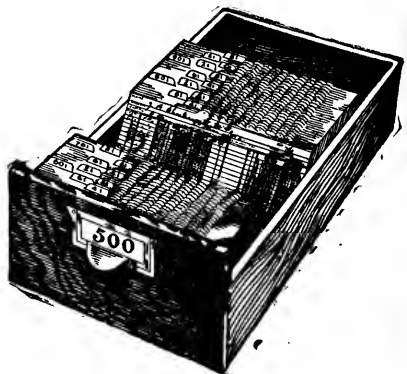
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SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 11

APOCRYPHAL AND LOST SCRIPTURES.*

BY FREDERIC CLIFT, M.D.

"All writings not canonical are apocryphal."—JEROME.

The Bible as accepted by the Christian churches of today does not contain all that God has revealed, neither does it contain all that he intends to reveal to his sons and daughters. It is incomplete; therefore it is not a sufficient guide under all conditions, neither was it so intended. The Bible is often considered as the

* The term Apocrypha or Apocryphal is derived from the Greek, and originally signified something that was "hidden," and later that was "unrecognized"—hence spurious. In ecclesiastical use, it is a term given in the early church to various historical and other writings of uncertain origin and authority, written prior to the birth of Christ, and regarded by some as inspired, but rejected by many authorities. Such books were either works acknowledged to be useful and edifying, or else heretical writings absolutely rejected by the Church. This term also occasionally includes similar books written subsequent to the time of Christ, which, however, are more generally known as the Antilegomena, or "things spoken against," of the New Testament.

The term, Lost Scriptures, refers to certain books or writings mentioned by the writers of the Old or New Testaments, but of which we have, at present, no copies. In the case of a few of such writings, certain alleged copies are claimed to be authentic, but they have not been accepted as such by Biblical authorities, even to the extent of being classed as Apocryphal.—F. C.

fons et origo of the church, whereas the contrary is the fact. A second thought will show incontrovertibly that it was evolved and grew out of the ecclesia—the church.

No part of the New Testament was in existence at the time when Christ committed the care of the Church to his apostles. He was the personal revelation of the Godhead. He came to restore, and did, in fact restore, the broken line of prophets. Malachi, the last of the Jewish prophets, closed the Hebrew canon some 397 years before the birth of Christ. As a result, we find that during the time the restored prophets, the apostles and their immediate successors, were allowed to perform their duties, there was no lack of revelation. The seventies were endowed with direct authority from Christ, and when sent out received no pocket edition of even the Old Testament, with commentary, concordance, and handy helps, etc.: in fact, the four gospels were non-existent, even at the time when Paul, Barnabas and others departed on their missionary journeys. These men went forth, relying on the promise of the Savior, that the Holy Spirit of Truth would lead them. Accordingly, as special matters arose from time to time, which called for direct instructions, they were led to seek for, and they did, in fact, receive, direct and personal revelation in relation to the subjects in question. History proves that they became the direct agents and representatives—the voice of the living God, in their day and age. These men have been recognized as prophets of God throughout all the subsequent ages, and the records contained in the New Testament, when transcribed without mistake, and “as far as it is translated correctly,”* were the product and result of their work, and are revelations from God. Their successors, however, gradually lost this gift of direct personal communication with the Godhead. Their power and authority ceased. They failed to find responsive answers. Why? Simply, they were not living in accord with the gospel plan of salvation. Jehovah declared to a former prophet (Noah): “My spirit shall not strive with man forever, in their going astray; they are flesh.”† So it was with the Christian church. Jehovah did not

* Articles of Faith—8.

† Genesis 6: 3. Bible quotations are from the American Standard, Revised Version, 1901.

strive with the leaders of the church forever, and as they drifted down the stream of apostasy, they themselves recognized the fact that God would have nothing to say to them. To explain his silence, and maintain their ecclesiastical standing with their followers, they invented the theory that personal and direct revelation was no longer necessary,—that God had nothing to communicate to his children beyond what was found in the Bible. Men are ever prone to believe a lie rather than a truth, and as this theory explained the prevailing conditions in the church, it grew into a cardinal doctrine of the apostate churches of Christendom. The *dead letter* of the Bible became the sole standard, and was substituted for the *living voice* of God. As a result, the thousand and one churches, each and all, worship the written word and claim the Bible as the authority for their respective conflicting and separate tenets. If these churches would know of the doctrine, let them listen to the living voice of God: “He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.”*

With the restoration of the gospel, in 1830, came a restoration of the “gifts,” including the power of entering into personal and direct communication with the Father of all spirits. Once more the words of Amos are fulfilled: “Surely the Lord will do nothing except he reveal his secrets unto his servants, the prophets.”† With the restoration of the Priesthood and all its officers, including prophets, the heavens are once more unsealed, and man is once again in personal communication with God. The Lord’s anointed, those who are his representatives, are *known to his people—the sheep know the voice of their shepherd*. Thus “Samuel grew, and Jehovah was with him, and let none of his words fall to the ground. And *all Israel*, from Dan even to Beersheba, *knew* that Samuel *was established* to be a prophet of Jehovah.”‡ It was not necessary that the enemies of Israel should know that Samuel was a prophet. It was Israel alone to *whom the knowledge was granted*. So it is today: the knowledge that Joseph Smith was a prophet was not forced upon his enemies—those who persecuted

* Rev. 3: 22.

† Amos 3: 7.

‡ I Samuel 3: 19, 20.

and murdered him. God is the same yesterday, today, and forever; and his enemies are not compelled to accept his revelations. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that Jehovah would today reveal to those who are hostile to his Church the fact that the mantle of the Prophet Joseph has fallen upon his successors. Again, the angel of the Lord announced the birth of John the Baptist, and that he should be "great in the sight of the Lord,"* but Herod did not wish to know, or think, that he was a prophet; and Herod, in his ignorance, proceeded to decapitate the messenger of God. So, too, Gabriel was sent from God to announce the birth of Jesus Christ. "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High."† If Herod had appreciated the true facts, he would not have sent forth and slain "all the male children that were in Bethlehem and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under."‡ Some of the foolish ones of today are so busy hunting the dross of the earth, that they refuse to recognize the prophet of the Lord. Herod-like, they make ready to slay him, whilst pretending to make diligent search that they "also may come and worship him."§ His Saints of old, however, knew, and his Saints of today are just simple enough to believe that the angel spoke the truth when he proclaimed: "He shall be called the Son of God."|| Others, with less excuse than Herod, wise in their own conceit, are to be found, even today, who dare to deny that fact. A so-called Christian preacher, only recently, on a Salt Lake rostrum, said: "I firmly believe that religion came out of the heart of man. I believe the gods are all man-made. I believe the sanctity of our Bible, and all bibles, artificial." In a more recent discourse, he says: "Yet religion is in its essence, half a madness and half a vision. * * * In Christianity alone we have had the tongues, prophecies and visions of the early church. * * * I am not trying to disparage religion." This gentleman is recognized by other sectarian preachers as a Christian, although he

* Luke 1: 15.

† Luke 1: 32.

‡ Matt. 2: 16.

§ Matt. 2: 8.

|| Luke 1: 35.

denies the divinity of Jesus Christ, the Savior. He is consistent with his creed when he denies the fact of Divine revelation, but inconsistent when he sets himself up as a teacher of revealed Christianity, in the church of "tongues, prophecies and visions" described in the Acts of the Apostles. Are the vain imaginations of such men to be accepted as truth without a particle of evidence? Shall we admit that all the wisdom and knowledge of the ages is with these babblers, and that all Christians, both past and present, must take a back seat? Judging from the past, is it remarkable that there are still some who repudiate the work of Joseph Smith and his successors, and refuse to acknowledge him and them as prophets and revealers of the secret things of the Most High God? The question may well be asked, How are the children of men to place themselves *en rapport* to receive revelations such as were given to their forefathers, and by them preserved in part and handed down to us in the Bible? Christ has instructed us—Those who seek shall find, and to those who ask, further knowledge shall be given. Let Latter-day Saints continue to seek, in the full assurance that they will find the knowledge that passeth all understanding.

In a previous article—July, 1904—it was shown that the King James Bible of 1611 A.D., was not an accurate translation, inasmuch as the opinions and policies of men largely controlled those who were appointed by the king to prepare what has since been known as the "Authorized Version." The committee, nominees of the king, to whom the revision was referred, was composed of Episcopalians (High churchmen and Puritans) and Presbyterians. Politics were running high, and policy had much to do with the adoption of compromise readings of doubtful passages. The mistranslations might be innocuous, or if not so, might yet be capable of being construed to meet or support the doctrinal views of the king and of those opposing ecclesiastical bodies. It was also shown that when the so-called canon, or collection of scripture, was adopted under the guidance of Augustine, bishop of Hippo, at the councils of Carthage, 393 and 397 A.D., the Book of Revelation was accepted as inspired, and included in the New Testament, as we now have it, by one vote only. At that time numerous other scriptures—many of them equally well known and generally read in the Christian churches of that day—were rejected by partizan

votes as uninspired and unworthy of a place in what is now called the Christian Bible. These rejected scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments, have since been generally known as apocryphal. The term was applied in the Christian church at first to the esoteric or private writings and doctrines of the early church; that is, to those not publicly read or taught in the general meetings or assemblies.

It may be noted that from the earliest establishment of the Jewish form of worship, by Moses, certain private or sacred enclosures were set apart, within which only certain members of the priesthood could enter. The Holy of Holies was found in each of the successive Jewish temples, and history shows that the Christians also had their sacred places, which were not allowed to be profaned by the presence of the public, or even by the newly professed converts. The latter had to pass through a probation before they were allowed to take part in the secret services connected with the *sacred mysteries*. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being in possession of the first principles of Christianity, is, therefore, naturally found to have temples, and holy places to which only those in good standing are admitted. The Catholic churches throughout the world have their holy of holies; only certain privileged members being allowed within the precincts of the altar. The invasion of the privacy of the monastical, conventual, or even fraternal organizations, and any attempted disclosure of their secret or apocryphal rites and symbols, would possibly, even today, in some parts of the world, entail very serious consequences. The only people, according to some, who, in this enlightened day, have no rights of privacy in their religious rites and ceremonies, are the members of the so-called "Mormon" Church. The world desires, if not requires them, not only to abandon their principles, but to decry the very acts of God himself, and in order that these "purists" may be consistent, they frequently deny the inspiration of their Bible.

The exact principles upon which the various canons* of

* The term canon or canonical is derived from the Greek word signifying "a straight rod or pole," which from its keeping things straight or upright, finally came to mean a "collection or list of books that form or contain a rule of faith and doctrine."

scripture were formulated are not clear; the selection of the several books was, no doubt, often a matter of chance. It may be noticed in passing, that whereas the inspiration of the Book of Mormon was vouched for by the personal testimony of some eleven or more eye witnesses, the inspiration of the Book of Revelation was decided by the vote of one man. To whom are we indebted for the several books of the New Testament? A claim is put forward by the Roman Catholic church, but without foundation, inasmuch as that church did not exist till the middle of the second century. The preservation of the apostolic and other Christian writings is due to the separate churches to which they had been addressed or sent. They were prized as sources of instruction, and copies were sent to other churches as directed by the apostles.* The Alexandrian canon was begun by a few of the leading Greek fathers, and was based upon the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Hebrew scriptures. This translation also included certain apocryphal books not included in the original Hebrew text. Hence, these books were more generally known to Greek-speaking Jews than to Hebrew—Aramaic—speaking Jews.* The Alexandrian canon was formulated prior to the first general council at Nice, and it became the foundation of our Bible of today.† The subject is an interesting one and has led to much research.

The first canon, in point of time, to claim attention, is the Samaritan, consisting of the five books of Moses, known as the Pentateuch. After the return of the Jews from Babylon, Ezra added the subsequent historical and other writings, which, with other additions by Nehemiah, formed what is known as the Hebrew or Palestinian canon. It is almost identical with the Jewish scriptures as used by that people today. The reasons for these scriptures being so venerated is suggested by Josephus, the Jewish historian of the first century A.D.:

For we have not an innumerable multitude of books among us * * * but only twenty-two books, which contain the records of all the past times, which are justly believed to be divine. And of them, five belong to Moses * * * But as to the time from the death of Moses till the reign of Artaxerxes, king of

* Colossians 4: 16. "And when this epistle hath been read among you, cause that it be read also in the church of the Laodiceans, and that ye also read the epistle from Laodicea."

Persia, the prophets who were after Moses wrote down what was done in their time in thirteen books. The remaining four books contain hymns to God and precepts for the conduct of human life. It is true our history has been written since Artaxerxes very particularly, but has not been esteemed of *like authority* with the former by our forefathers, because there has not been an *exact succession of prophets since that time*: and how firmly we have given credit to these books of our nation is evident by what we do, for during so many ages as have already passed, no one has been so bold as either to add anything to them, to take anything from them, or to make any change in them; but it has become natural to all Jews, immediately and from their very birth, to esteem these books to contain divine doctrines, and to persist in them, and if occasion be, willing to die for them.*

This teaches, no prophet, no revelation, and is in line with both recognized and apocryphal scripture. Amos declares—"Surely the Lord Jehovah will do nothing, except he reveal his secret unto his servants the prophets."† Whilst in the apocryphal Maccabees it is stated: "So there was a great affliction in Israel, the like thereof was not since the time that a prophet was not seen among them."‡ * * "until there *should arise a faithful prophet*." § The Jewish apostasy was in progress for some four hundred years before the coming of Christ, and no books composed after the succession of prophets had admittedly come to an end, were held worthy of a place in the Hebrew canon. The books of the Maccabees were written during this period, but, although a faithful history of the events of that period, they were not recognized because, as shown in the above extract, "a prophet was not seen among them." The absence of prophets, *ipso facto*, deprived the Jews of the power of receiving revelations from God,—"*until there should arise a faithful prophet*." This possibly refers to John the Baptist—for he was indeed faithful, even unto death. The like absence of prophets *after* Apostolic times, deprived the early Christian church of this same privilege of immediate communication with, and revelation from, God.

After the return from Babylon, the Jewish community was

* Josephus—Contra Apion, 1-8.

† Amos 3:7.

‡ I Macc. 9:27.

§ I Macc. 14:41.

feeble in the extreme. It had no productive power of its own; its literature began and continued to degenerate. The loss of the prophetic power, and the consciousness of its loss, explains most of the characteristics of the apocryphal literature of the Old Testament. Evidence both for and against the inspiration of the Apocryphal books has been sought from various sources. Thus it has been claimed that the Master and his Apostles, although in the habit of making frequent quotations from the Scriptures, do not quote directly from these Apocryphal writings; still it is admitted that ideas or thoughts seemed to be frequently borrowed from them. The fact, however, must not be overlooked that Christ and his Apostles spoke the Aramaic dialect—the vernacular of Palestine, which in the New Testament is designated as Hebrew. Christ and his followers, therefore, used the Hebrew, or Aramaic, and not the Greek or Septuagint version of the Scriptures. Consequently, they were not so familiar, probably, with these historical writings; though, no doubt, many of the ideas and thoughts to be found therein were well-known to those speaking Aramaic. Christ's personal speech and sayings were those of his neighbors and kindred. He did not speak the polished language of the educated Greek, Roman or Jew. Like Joseph Smith, he was one of the people, and spoke and thought in the dialect of the carpenters and fishermen of Galilee, as Joseph did in the colloquialisms of his fellow workers of Vermont and New York. So it is that the Greek of St. Luke's gospel and the Acts of the Apostles differs from that of the other writers. St. Luke, as a physician, belonged to a more educated class, and as a result, wrote in a more polished style. The early Fathers, being of Grecian birth or education, used the Greek or Septuagint translation of the Scriptures, which included the apocryphal writings, and not the original Hebrew or Aramaic. As a result, Origen, Cyprian, Clement of Alexandria, and others, quote and cite the Apocryphal writings as "Scripture," "Divine," "Inspired," and at times prefix their remarks or quotations with the words—"as it is written."

The degree of estimation in which the Apocryphal books of the Old Testament have been held in the churches has varied much according to time and place. In 1546 A. D., the Roman canon was adopted at the Council of Trent. It included all the writings

found in the Vulgate—a Latin translation from the Septuagint. In 1672 A. D., the Greek Catholic church came to a similar decision; and in 1870 A. D.,—*some forty years after Joseph Smith began to teach the necessity for direct revelation*—the Roman church awoke to the fact that such revelation was a necessary constituent of a living church. At this council, the recognized Apocryphal books were again affirmed.

The Scriptures as used in the Arminian Catholic church are translated from the Peshito, Syriac and Greek texts. In this Arminian version, the order of the books differs somewhat; the Epistle to the Hebrews precedes those to Timothy and Titus; whilst in the appendix following the New Testament is found the book of Sirach, Manassah, Paul's Third Epistle to the Corinthians, and an account of John's death. The Protestant churches have differed as much on the question of apocryphal writings as on "predestination," "saving grace," "infant and adult baptism," "baptism by immersion or otherwise," and other purely doctrinal matters. Luther, in his German translation, with his accustomed self-reliant judgment, accepts and rejects both the accepted and apocryphal writings at pleasure. He rejected the book of Revelation, calling it neither apostolic nor prophetic. The Epistle of James, he pronounced unapostolic, and an epistle of straw. Coverdale, in his English translation of 1535, separated the apocryphal from the other books, and set them apart at the end of the Old Testament, as not having the same authority. From that time, and up to a comparatively recent period, the recognized apocryphal books were bound up with and formed part of the English Bible, but they are now only to be found in special editions, such as those in use on the reading desks of the Episcopal church—some parts being occasionally read in their services. This church, both in England and America, in commenting on these books, states: "the other books (apocryphal) the church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners, but yet doth it not apply them to establish doctrine."* Modern revelation supplies the key, and sets forth their specific value as follows: †

* Articles of Faith, (Ch. Eng. and Protestant Epis. Ch. Am.) 6.

† Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 91.

1. Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, concerning the Apocrypha, there are many things contained therein that are true, and it is mostly translated correctly;

2. There are many things contained therein that are not true, which are interpolations by the hands of men.

3. Verily, I say unto you, that it is not needful that the Apocrypha should be translated.

4. Therefore, whoso readeth it, let him understand, for the Spirit manifesteth truth.

5. And whoso is enlightened by the Spirit, shall obtain benefit therefrom;

6. And whoso receiveth not by the Spirit, cannot be benefited, therefore it is not needful that it should be translated. Amen.

The fourteen Apocryphal books as found in the English Bible, are: 1 Esdras, 2 Esdras; Tobit; Judith; the additions to the book of Esther; Wisdom of Solomon; Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus; Baruch; Song of the Three Holy Children; History of Susanna; History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon; Prayer of Manasses, King of Judah; 1 Maccabees; 2 Maccabees.

The following from the Apocryphal book of Esdras will interest those who are seeking to trace the route taken by the ten tribes after their departure from Media, the country of their captivity. Esdras, in a dream, beheld a "peaceful multitude," which Uriel, the Angel, interpreted as follows:

Those are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea, the King, whom Salmanasar, the King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, and so they came into another land.

But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go forth into a further country where never mankind dwelt,

That they might there keep their statutes which they never kept in their own land.

And they entered into Euphrates, by the narrow passages of the river. For the Most High then showed signs for them, and held still the flood till they were passed over.

For through that country there was a great way to go; namely—of a year and a half; and the same region is called Arsareth.

Then dwelt they there until the latter time; and now when they shall begin to come

The Highest shall stay the springs of the stream again, that they may go through; therefore, sawest thou the multitude with peace. *

* 2 Esdras 13:40-47.

A reference to a map will show that possibly after leaving Media, where they had been located by their captors, they directed their journey towards Samaria, but taking "counsel among themselves" they decided to "go forth into a further country." They accordingly turned north and, instead of crossing over the mountain passes, as is usual with pioneers, they followed the river bank and "entered into Euphrates by the narrow passages (canyons) of the river." This course would lead them to the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and, still continuing in a northerly direction, they would necessarily cross the Kuban River. On the banks of this river, and northward, ancient burial places, the construction of which, the manner of burial, and the jewelry found, all indicate that they were built and used by a people of similar habits to the Israelites.* It has been suggested that these traveling Israelites divided into three companies. That one of such companies still kept in a northerly direction, and in a year and a half reached Arsareth where they are still waiting "until the latter time." A scattering of the tribe of Dan gave the name of that tribe to that portion of Scandinavia now known as Denmark, or Danmark. A second company traveled west, by the Danube, and then to the mouth of the Elb, leaving traces of their journeying in the names of rivers up which they traveled; the Dneiper, the Dneister, etc. The third company may have traveled up the Don, to the far east, through Siberia and China, and become the ancestors of the Japanese Samurai. Amos declares: "They shall wander from sea to sea and from the North even to the East."†

Japanese tradition and pictures are said to robe Jimmu Teno, the first Mikado, who landed in Japan about 660 B. C., in the armor of Assyria and Media, with the tachi, or short sword of Persia, and shod, like the ancient princes of Israel, with badger skins. It is further said that the Japanese Imperial family have in their possession rolls handed down from generation to generation, which show all the ancient Hebrew temple instruments and figures whose features are Israelitish. In the Shinto temples are found a Holy of Holies, an ark, a seven-branched candlestick, and priests

* See, *Are we of Israel?* by Elder George Reynolds.

† Amos 8:12.

in white linen vestments, offering up "Mochi," or unleavened bread with sweet wine. There is also a wave of first fruits. Several of the Shinto festivals occur on days corresponding to the Jewish festivals. On the sixth day after birth, a Japanese child is taken to the temple and dedicated. The chain of coincidences are singular, and afford food for thought.

Does this dream or vision of Esdras give us a key to the great truths connected with the lost tribes of Israel? If so, this one subject alone makes the Apocrypha worthy of study. Our elders are opening up Japan in the expectation of finding many of the seed of Ephraim in that country. Why? Let us seek for the golden truths which are to be found scattered throughout the Apocrypha, but in doing so let us not forget the instructions given by the Lord himself through Joseph, the Seer.*

It is frequently asked—"What became of the New Testament apocryphal writings, that is, of those that were rejected by the Council of Carthage, in 397 A. D.?" After the Council of Nice, 325 A. D., the Roman branch of the Catholic church became more and more despotic, and usurped unwarranted power and control over the rest of Christendom, until finally, after some five hundred years of controversy and protestation, Pope Leo the Ninth, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, mutually excommunicated and anathematized each other, and their respective churches. The Greek Catholic church having thus obtained complete freedom from Rome, in 1054 A. D., came to be recognized as the leader of the other Eastern churches, and without usurping arbitrary power became the protector of the Arminian, the Coptic, the Abyssinian and other churches. Some of these churches are being intruded upon by Rome, but are yet semi-independent. The Arminians still possess their own canon of Scripture. In the West, the Lutheran and other Protestant offspring of Rome, largely adopted her canon of the Bible as decreed by the Council of Trent; and, although some of the apocryphal books of the New Testament are found in the ancient versions, such as 1st Epistle of Clement, in Codex of Alexandrinus—the Pastor of Hermas, and the Epistles of Polycarp and Barnabas, in the Codex Sinaiticus, yet, but few of

* Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 91.

these churches admit these books to a place in their Bibles, or quote them in their controversies. They teach authority too strongly—the voice of God rather than the voice of man.

A translation from the Arminian of the apocryphal third Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians will be given in a future article.

Provo, Utah.

THE CALL.

(*For the Improvement Era*)

The light of a glorious day hath dawned,
And from the watch-tower high,
The bugle sounds the "call to arms,"
Materialism must die.

Men come from the mountain; men come from the plain;
Leaving college work, shop and plow.
Quickly they answer their country's call;
Columbia hath need of them now.

The blare of the trumpets, the beat of the drum,
The tread of marching feet,
The sight of "Old Glory" waving on high,
Maketh death for one's country sweet.

But they who fight in this long, long war,
Shall be cheered not by music nor voice,
Though when the glorious cause is won,
The noble of soul will rejoice.

For the "civic banner" is now unfurled,
And "no quarter" the battle cry;
If Freedom and Justice together reign,
Their enemy Fraud must die.

Neath the "civic banner" of order and law,
Shall this army enlist today,
From the best of our brain, the best of our brawn,
To be recruited alway.

Armed with the weapons of virtue and truth,
Honesty, purity, love,
Relying on One divine for aid—
The God who ruleth above.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Salt Lake City Utah.

THE BORDER LAND.

BY JAMES X. ALLEN, M. D.

It is told of the famous Dean Swift, that on a certain occasion he was in need of a coachman. He betook himself to an intelligence office in order to secure one. There were several men sitting on a bench, on one side of the room which he had entered. He noticed that three of the men wore the dress peculiar to the profession of coachman. Approaching the first man, he asked him, "How near can you drive to a precipice without upsetting?" The answer was prompt and decisive: "I can drive within half a foot every time, and never upset."

The doctor, not feeling satisfied with the somewhat startling answer, passed on to the second man: "How near can you drive to a precipice without upsetting the carriage?" This second man wanted the job, and was determined to outbid his neighbor, and, therefore, his answer: "I can go within two inches, sir, and come out safe every time, sir."

This answer being less satisfactory than the first, the great man passed on to the third man, to whom he propounded the same question. The answer was not only emphatic, but equally uncommon in men seeking work: "I don't know." "You don't know? Why, how is that? These other men seem to know just exactly what they can do." "That's all right; but I always keep as far from danger as I can. So you see, never having tried it, I don't know." The doctor found a man like himself, a thinker, and for that reason an eccentric. It is needless to say that Jack obtained the situation.

I am induced to write this story by witnessing so many of our young people, and not a few older ones, who, like these two coachmen, are, if anything, far too venturesome, they take too

great risks; they seem to try how near the enemy's kingdom they can get without losing their citizenship in the Master's kingdom. They seem to have a desire to make their abode on a neutral strip.

These careless ones, living too near the enemy's lines, are seen more than are the real Latter-day Saints, and are taken as samples of "Mormon" lives, which is not fair to their more conscientious neighbors. The late Henry Ward Beecher once told a story of a stranger who, while walking through a village, saw some apples on the roadside. He stopped and gathered up two or three. He bit each of them, but did not find them exactly to his liking. One was wormy, another not ripe, and a third one had bruise spots on it. Looking about him he noticed a large branch of an apple tree hanging over the wall that enclosed a large orchard. The boys with rocks had dislodged the fallen apples from a tree which had been planted too near the road.

Had the stranger judged the orchard by the fruit outside the enclosure, he would have sadly misjudged the planter and the owner of a magnificent fruit plantation.

The Latter-day Saint who lives outside the decorum of a real Christian, is no more a fair specimen of Church members than were the apples outside the enclosure a fair specimen of the fruit in the orchard.

How is it with you, with me, with any of us? We are called to be Saints. How near, with safety, can we drive to the precipice of apostasy without imperiling our standing in the Church, and our hope of eternal blessedness?

A feeling of smartness, an over-confidence in ourselves, will not suffice for our safety. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" (I Cor. 10: 12). "Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men should be offended because of thee, yet will I not be offended" (Matt. 26: 33). Yet how near the awful brink of apostasy did this same Peter tread! He was only saved by the forbearance and loving, merciful heart of an ever-patient God.

We can all call to mind instances of smart men, who, like Peter, have been too self-confident, and have fallen, but who, unlike the first apostle, have lacked Peter's humility, faith, and trust in a kind Redeemer.

Ogden, Utah.

THE NEW MANIA.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good;
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low;
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The further back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.

THOMSON: *Castle of Indolence*.

Nearly everyone has observed cases of that old sort of frenzy known in medical parlance as "choromania," a mania for dancing; but Æsculapius has given us no word descriptive of that new madness—the mania for roller-skating. The indications are unpropitious; soon the novel craze must be recognized both by pathological students and by moralists. Rome became insensate from the atrocities of the Colosseum, and delirious with the joys of the theatres, the tables, and the baths; history repeats itself. Rome fell because its citizens had nothing to do but to eat, to drink, and to be merry, and to give orders to their slaves. Often when a people have become infatuated with an oddity, a retrogression has taken place, intellectually and morally; posterity alone has appreciated the cause.

It is a mere truism to say that excess in anything is bad, while moderation may be beneficial. Students of toxicology are well aware that no exact definition of the term "poison" can be given, because it is impossible to select any group of substances that are poisons under all conditions; the salts of potassium, for instance, are, in small quantity, not only non-poisonous, but absolutely necessary to the maintenance of a healthy body, while in larger doses they quickly produce death. As with poisons, so it is with

amusements: pleasure properly chosen and moderately indulged, is indispensable and exhilarating, while a surfeit produces a slow moral death. Epictetus has said: "It is the part of a wise man to resist pleasures, but of a foolish one to be a slave to them."

All manias are alike. The person who cannot resist the insane desire always to be roller-skating labors under impulses similar to those of the kleptomaniac, who cannot overcome the fancy to steal, or of the pyromaniac, who has a passion for setting fire to everything. Some people, afflicted with tomomania, long to perform surgical operations; some, suffering from coprolalia, cannot withstand the mania for using obscene words; and others, overcome by oinomania, must have their intoxicating drink. Is there any difference between the youth that is crazy over a skating rink and him who, conquered by melomania, has an excessive passion for music? Many an insane asylum contains inmates who are afflicted merely with melancholia, "the blues."

However, a rage for roller-skating may never entirely overturn a person's mind, and its chief evils lie in another direction. The very nature of the amusement tends to make it immoralizing. No girl would think of going to a dance without a respectable partner upon whom she may depend to accompany her safely home; but to the skating rink she may go any time and alone, partners not being necessary in the sport. Frequently young girls and even married women, get into the habit of attending the rink in the afternoon,* and of depending upon a chance acquaintance to escort them home; and idle men and idle young women soon show signs of what too many cities, too many courts, heartily deplore.

It has long been known that a very large per cent of the divorces of New York City germinate in the skating rinks, while elsewhere the evils of the craze are being rapidly appreciated. In many cities of America, it is not only unseemly, but disreputable to be seen at such places of amusement, and only a lower class

* [A traveler actually reported that in a southern settlement, wives left their dinner dishes, and neglected their duties, secular and religious, to buckle on the skates, and sport in the rink, and, of course, men and boys were doubtless as bad. —EDITORS.]

attends. When one reflects that virtue or vice is, to an immature mind, largely a matter of environment, one cannot resist a feeling of solicitude at the growth of probably the most virulent of all the pastimes found in our communities. Its dangers are recorded in the law reports; but elsewhere little or no warning is given. If, when Damocles was seated at the banquet to which Dionysius had invited him, he had not known that above his head hung a sword by a single hair, he undoubtedly would have enjoyed that sumptuous repast given in his honor. Thousands of the youth of the Latter-day Saints are infatuated with roller-skating without any comprehension of the pitfalls it contains, though if they really knew, the sincere in heart would be as anxious to leave it alone as Damocles was to leave the emperor's table.

Public opinion is a very strong force in the maintenance of a moral equilibrium; but even public opinion must be based upon experience. The perils of roller-skating will not be acknowledged by the majority of the Latter-day Saints until some few of our youth have met defilement through it; but then the dehortation will be too late. As Lord Avebury said:

When there are so many innocent pleasures, why choose any which are bad, or even doubtful? At any rate, exhaust the good, if you can; it will then be time enough to think of others.

Let not Lord Avebury's warning meet the fate of the prophecies of Cassandra, which Apollo caused no one to believe.

Kaysville, Utah.

THE SUNSET SEA.

Come fly with me to the Sunset Sea,
In the land of liberty,
Where mount and lea yield bounteously,
Where thrives the honey-bee.

Oh didst thou see sublimity
Beside the Inland Sea;
The ancestry and destiny
Of Saints so brave and free?

Salt Lake City, Utah.

To live near thee, O Mystic Sea,
Seemed death and misery,
Till industry and agony
Brought pulsing life and glee!

Work heartily, yes, mightily!
Help save humanity!
And thou shalt be in ecstasy
Beyond Life's Sunset Sea!

W. J. KOHLBERG.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ASTRONOMER LEAVES IMLAC HIS DIRECTIONS.

“‘HEAR, therefore, what I shall impart with attention, such as the welfare of a world requires. If the task of a king be considered as difficult, who has the care only of a few millions, to whom he cannot do much good or harm, what must be the anxiety of him, on whom depends the action of the elements, and the great gifts of light and heat? Hear me, therefore, with attention. “‘I have diligently considered the position of the earth and sun, and formed innumerable schemes in which I changed their situation. I have sometimes turned aside the axis of the earth, and sometimes varied the ecliptic of the sun: but I have found it impossible to make a disposition by which the world may be advantaged; what one region gains another loses by an imaginable alteration, even without considering the distant parts of the solar system with which we are acquainted. Do not, therefore, in thy administration of the year, indulge thy pride by innovation; do not please thyself with thinking that thou canst make thyself renowned to all future ages, by disordering the seasons. The memory of mischief is no desirable fame. Much less will it become thee to let kindness or interest prevail. Never rob other countries of rain to pour it on thine own. For us the Nile is sufficient.’

“‘I promised, that when I possessed the power, I would use it with inflexible integrity; and he dismissed me, pressing my hand. ‘My heart,’ said he, ‘will be now at rest, and my benevolence will no more destroy my quiet; I have found a man of wisdom and vir-

tue, to whom I can cheerfully bequeath the inheritance of the sun.'”

The prince heard this narration with very serious regard; but the princess smiled, and Pekuah convulsed herself with laughter. “Ladies,” said Imlac, “to mock the heaviest of human afflictions is neither charitable nor wise. Few can attain this man’s knowledge and few practice his virtues; but all may suffer his calamity. Of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason.”

The princess was recollected, and the favorite was abashed. Rasselas, more deeply affected, inquired of Imlac, whether he thought such maladies of the mind frequent, and how they were contracted.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DANGEROUS PREVALENCE OF IMAGINATION.

“Disorders of intellect,” answered Imlac, “happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas will come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannize, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable, and apparently influences speech or action.

“To indulge the power of fiction, and send imagination out upon the wing, is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labor of excogitation is too violent to last long; the ardor of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external that can divert him must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what he is? He then expatiates in boundless futu-

rity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which nature and fortune, with all their bounty, cannot bestow.

“In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention; all other intellectual gratifications are rejected; the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favorite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed; she grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or of anguish.

“This, sir, is one of the dangers of solitude, which the hermit has confessed not always to promote goodness, and the astronomer’s misery has proved to be not always propitious to wisdom.”

“I will no more,” said the favorite, “imagine myself the queen of Abyssinia. I have often spent the hours, which the princess gave to my own disposal, in adjusting ceremonies and regulating the court; I have repressed the pride of the powerful, and granted the petitions of the poor; I have built new palaces in more happy situations, planted groves upon the tops of mountains, and have exulted in the beneficence of royalty, till, when the princess entered, I had almost forgotten to bow down before her.”

“And I,” said the princess, “will not allow myself any more to play the shepherdess in my waking dreams. I have often soothed my thoughts with the quiet and innocence of pastoral employments, till I have, in my chamber, heard the winds whistle and the sheep bleat; sometimes freed the lamb entangled in the thicket, and sometimes with my crook encountered the wolf. I have a dress like that of the village maids, which I put on to help my imagination, and a pipe, on which I play softly, and suppose myself followed by my flocks.”

“I will confess,” said the prince, “an indulgence of fantastic delight more dangerous than yours. I have frequently endeavored to imagine the possibility of a perfect government, by which all wrong should be restrained, all vice reformed, and all the sub-

jects preserved in tranquility and innocence. This thought produced innumerable schemes of reformation, and dictated many useful regulations and salutary edicts. This has been the sport, and sometimes the labor, of my solitude; and I start, when I think with how little anguish I once supposed the death of my father and my brothers."

"Such," says Imlac, "are the effects of visionary schemes. When we first form them we know them to be absurd, but familiarize them by degrees, and in time lose sight of their folly."

CHAPTER XLV.

THEY DISCOURSE WITH AN OLD MAN.

The evening was now far passed, and they rose to return home. As they walked along the bank of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw at a small distance an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. "Yonder," said he, "is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason: let us close the disquisitions of the night by inquiring what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life."

Here the sage approached and saluted them. They invited him to join their walk, and prattled a while, as acquaintances that had unexpectedly met one another. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. He was pleased to find himself not disregarded, accompanied them to their house, and, at the prince's request, entered with them. They placed him in the seat of honor, and set wine and conserves before him.

"Sir," said the princess, "an evening walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. You know the qualities and the causes of all that you behold, the laws by which the river flows, the periods in which the planets perform their revolutions. Everything must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity."

“Lady,” answered he, “let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions; it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty: I look round and see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend that is now silent in the grave. I cast my eyes upwards, fix them on the changing moon, and think with pain on the vicissitudes of life. I have ceased to take much delight in physical truth; for what have I to do with those things which I am soon to leave?”

“You may at least recreate yourself,” said Imlac, “with the recollection of an honorable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you.”

“Praise,” said the sage, with a sigh, “is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honors of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance; for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude there is little to be feared from the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. Something they may yet take away, but they can give me nothing. Riches would now be useless, and high employment would be pain. My retrospect of life recalls to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vagrancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquility: endeavor to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares, which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; except, with serene humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find, and that virtue which here I have not attained.”

He rose and went away, leaving his audience not much elated with the hope of long life. The prince consoled himself with re-

marking, that it was not reasonable to be disappointed by this account; for age had never been considered as the season of felicity; and if it was possible to be easy in decline and weakness, it was likely that the days of vigor and alacrity might be happy: that the noon of life could be bright if the evening could be calm.

The princess suspected that age was querulous and malignant, and delighted to repress the expectations of those who had newly entered the world. She had seen the possessors of estates look with envy on their heirs, and knew many who enjoyed pleasure no longer than they could confine it to themselves.

Pekuah conjectured that the man was older than he appeared, and was willing to impute his complaints to delirious dejection; or else supposed that he had been unfortunate, and was therefore discontented; "For nothing," said she, "is more common than to call our own condition the condition of life."

Imlac, who had no desire to see them depressed, smiled at the comforts which they could so readily procure to themselves, and remembered that at the same age, he was equally confident of unmingled prosperity, and equally fertile of consolatory expedients. He forbore to force upon them unwholesome knowledge, which time itself would too soon impress. The princess and her lady retired; the madness of the astronomer hung upon their minds, and they desired Imlac to enter upon his office, and delay next morning the rising of the sun.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE PRINCESS AND PEKUAH VISIT THE ASTRONOMER.

The princess and Pekuah, having talked in private of Imlac's astronomer, thought his character at once so amiable and so strange that they could not be satisfied without a nearer knowledge; and Imlac was requested to find the means of bringing them together.

This was somewhat difficult; the philosopher had never received any visits from women, though he lived in a city that had in it many Europeans who followed the manners of their own countries, and many from other parts of the world that lived there with European liberty. The ladies would not be refused, and

several schemes were proposed for the accomplishment of their design. It was proposed to introduce them as strangers in distress, to whom the sage was always accessible; but, after some deliberation, it appeared that by this artifice no acquaintance could be formed, for their conversation would be short, and they could not decently importune him often. "This," said Rasselas, "is true; but I have yet a stronger objection against the misrepresentation of your state. I have always considered it as treason against the great republic of human nature to make any man's virtues the means of deceiving him, whether on great or little occasions. All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence. When the sage finds that you are not what you seemed, he will feel the resentment natural to a man who, conscious of great abilities, discovers that he has been tricked by understandings meaner than his own; and, perhaps, the distrust which he can never afterwards wholly lay aside, may stop the voice of counsel and close the hand of charity; and where will you find the power of restoring his benefactions to mankind or his peace to himself?"

To this no reply was attempted, and Imlac began to hope that their curiosity would subside; but, next day, Pekuah told him she had now found an honest pretense for a visit to the astronomer, for she would solicit permission to continue under him the studies in which she had been initiated by the Arab, and the princess might go with her either as a fellow-student, or because a woman could not decently come alone. "I am afraid," said Imlac, "that he will be soon weary of your company; men advanced far in knowledge do not love to repeat the elements of their art, and I am not certain that even of the elements, as he will deliver them connected with references and mingled with reflections, you are a very capable auditress."

"That," said Pekuah, "must be my care. I ask of you only to take me thither. My knowledge is, perhaps, more than you imagine it; and, by concurring always with his opinions, I shall make him think it greater than it is."

The astronomer, in pursuance of this resolution, was told that a foreign lady, traveling in search of knowledge, had heard of his reputation, and was desirous to become his scholar. The uncommonness of the proposal raised at once his surprise and curiosity:

and when, after a short deliberation, he consented to admit her, he could not stay without impatience till the next day.

The ladies dressed themselves magnificently, and were attended by Imlac to the astronomer, who was pleased to see himself approached with respect by persons of so splendid an appearance. In the exchange of the first civilities he was timorous and bashful; but when the talk became regular, he recollected his powers, and justified the character which Imlac had given. Inquiring of Pekuah what could have turned her inclination towards astronomy, he received from her a history of her adventure at the pyramid and of the time passed in the Arab's island. She told her tale with ease and elegance, and her conversation took possession of his heart. The discourse was then turned to astronomy; Pekuah displayed what she knew; he looked upon her as a prodigy of genius, and entreated her not to desist from a study which she had so happily begun.

They came again and again, and were every time more welcome than before. The sage endeavored to amuse them, that they might prolong their visits, for he found his thoughts grow brighter in their company; the clouds of solitude vanished by degrees, as he forced himself to entertain them; and he grieved when he was left at their departure to his old employment of regulating the seasons.

The princess and her favorite had now watched his lips for several months, and could not catch a single word from which they could judge whether he continued, or not, in the opinion of his preternatural commission. They often contrived to bring him to an open declaration: but he easily eluded all their attacks, and on which side soever they pressed him escaped from them to some other topic.

As their familiarity increased, they invited him often to the house of Imlac where they distinguished him by extraordinary respect. He began gradually to delight in sublunary pleasures. He came early, and departed late; labored to recommend himself by assiduity and compliance; excited their curiosity after new arts, that they might still want his assistance; and when they made any excursion of pleasure or inquiry, entreated to attend them.

By long experience of his integrity and wisdom, the prince

and his sister were convinced that he might be trusted without danger; and, lest he should draw any false hopes from the civilities which he received, discovered to him their condition, with the motives of their journey; and required his opinion on the choice of life.

“Of the various conditions which the world spreads before you, which you shall prefer,” said the sage, “I am not able to instruct you. I can only tell that I have chosen wrong. I have passed my time in study without experience; in the attainment of sciences which can, for the most part, be but remotely useful to mankind. I have purchased knowledge at the expense of all the common comforts of life; I have missed the endearing elegance of female friendship, and the happy commerce of domestic tenderness. If I have obtained any prerogatives above other students, they have been accompanied with fear, disquiet, and scrupulosity: but even of these prerogatives, whatever they were, I have, since my thoughts have been diversified by more intercourse with the world, begun to question the reality. When I have been for a few days lost in pleasing dissipation, I am always tempted to think that my inquiries have ended in error, and that I have suffered much, and suffered it in vain.”

Imlac was delighted to find that the sage’s understanding was breaking through its mists, and resolved to detain him from the planets till he should forget his task of ruling them, and reason should recover its original influence.

From this time the astronomer was received into familiar friendship, and partook of all their projects and pleasures: his respect kept him attentive, and the activity of Rasselas did not leave much time unengaged. Something was always to be done; the day was spent in making observations, which furnished talk for the evening, and the evening was closed with a scheme for the morrow.

The sage confessed to Imlac, that since he had mingled in the gay tumults of life, and divided his hours by a succession of amusements, he found the conviction of his authority over the skies fade gradually from his mind, and began to trust less to an opinion which he never could prove to others, and which he now found subject to variation from causes in which reason had no

part. "If I am accidentally left alone for a few hours," said he, "my inveterate persuasion rushes upon my soul, and my thoughts are chained down by some irresistible violence; but they are soon disentangled by the prince's conversation, and instantaneously released at the entrance of Pekuah. I am like a man habitually afraid of specters, who is set at ease by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which harassed him in the dark; yet, if his lamp be extinguished, feels again the terrors which he knows that, when it is light, he shall feel no more. But I am sometimes afraid lest I indulge my quiet by criminal negligence, and voluntarily forget the great charge with which I am intrusted. If I favor myself in a known error, or am determined by my own ease in a doubtful question of this importance, how dreadful is my crime!"

"No disease of the imagination," answered Imlac, "is so difficult to cure as that which is complicated with the dread of guilt: fancy and conscience then act interchangeable upon us, and so often shift their places that the illusions of one are not distinguished from the dictates of the other. If fancy presents images not moral or religious, the mind drives them away when they give it pain; but when melancholic notions take the form of duty, they lay hold on the faculties without opposition, because we are afraid to exclude or banish them. For this reason the superstitious are often melancholy, and the melancholy almost always superstitious.

"But do not let the suggestions of timidity overpower your better reason: the danger of neglect can be but as the probability of the obligation, which when you consider it with freedom, you find very little, and that little growing every day less. Open your heart to the influence of the light which, from time to time, breaks in upon you: when scruples importune you, which you in your lucid moments know to be vain, do not stand to parley, but fly to business or to Pekuah, and keep this thought always prevalent, that you are only one atom of the mass of humanity, and have neither such virtue nor vice as that you should be singled out for supernatural favors or afflictions."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THINGS WORTH WHILE.

BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN.

The divine end of creation is righteous joy. Man's ideal of happiness differs according to his intelligence. What is joy to one may be pain to another.

Bound up in each man's soul is a personal something which makes him different from his fellows. The characteristics of that individuality are interwoven into his life in such a way as to express to the world his inner or true self; and try as he may, he cannot hide that personality; he cannot get away from himself.

The inspired man who looks into the hearts of others and catches their sacred joys and sorrows, always weaves those experiences and emotions about his own personality when he gives them to us to enjoy.

In the sculptor's stone, we find the image of his ideal; on the artist's canvas we see portrayed the things which have touched his life; and in the poet's song, we find his soul revealed.

And so it is that each one reaches out for happiness in a different way from his fellows. He places the greatest value on the things that appeal to his personality. That which is related to him becomes dear to him.

The baby asks, "Is it mine, my very own?" and when he is told that it is, he involuntarily cries, "How pretty; how good!" And often the man does not outgrow the childish feeling. When he sees that which is good and beautiful, his first desire is to encompass it into a narrow limit; to make of it a personal chattel to which he can set claim. The admirer of beauty looks upon the glowing sunset with a regret in his heart that he cannot possess it by putting it on a meager bit of canvas.

And because man's time and effort are largely governed by this personal element, he fails to discover the things in life that are really worth while. He does not stop to consider the true value, the divine value of things. If his own selfish stamp is upon an object, it is dearer to him than if God's value mark is upon it. He reaches out for material objects. He desires to possess goods of intrinsic value. He does not realize that they are only of temporary worth; that with a change in conditions their value will be swept away, and like the Kobold's "Key-Flower" jewels, they will be as pebbles and dead leaves.

That which can be placed in a leathern pocket-book or inclosed within four walls is of meager worth so far as the divine seal of value is concerned.

Man has not yet learned to place the correct value marks on the works of God. But as he grows farther away from himself and nearer to God, as his world grows larger and better, he will be able to discern the true value more clearly.

Those things which have an eternal worth, which tend to the betterment of man, and which in the end, make for the advancement of God's purposes in the earth, those things are worth the cost; and those things belong to all men. God intended that it should be so. But he who would have most, according to divine law, must give most.

A man's world is measured by his generosity. He receives in proportion as he gives. And each man gets out of this big, happy, wholesome world all that he is capable of possessing and enjoying.

All eternal gifts grow greater and better by being shared with humanity. A man may have the opulence of heaven, if he prepares to enjoy it and to share it with his fellows. But he cannot retain in his personal clutches even the beggar's portion. Eternal gifts cannot be clung to; they cannot be held by locks and keys, nor by safety banks and iron bars.

This world is a grand old circling unit; and the law of compensation is in harmony with the eternal laws of the universe. If man gives nothing out, there is nothing to come back to him. For each man gets according to his deserts. He receives only what he pays for.

If a man has not received that which he thinks he deserves, let him look into his life. How much of that life has he given out? How many good things in his soul has he shared with the world? When he has received any blessed message, or wrought out any eternal truth, has he passed it on to his fellow men? When he has conquered some vice or made his way over some pit-fall, has he assisted his brother to the better way? Has he sanctified his sorrows to the purification of his soul, and then shared that purer, better life with humanity? Has he shared his best books, his best friends, his best experiences, and his best thoughts with those who would appreciate them? When he has met a great and a good man, has he loved him less because he had no claim on the man's goodness and power? Or has he let his stingy little self be swallowed up, for a time, in his admiration of the man and his gratitude to God that the world possessed so much of good? After all, what portion of his life and love has he given to the world; and what share has the world returned? If he look at his meager gifts, he will know that as much has been bestowed upon him as he has paid for.

When man learns to appreciate all things of worth, because of their worthiness, and not because of their relationship to himself, then will he have grown into the higher law. He will not desire to place a narrow, jealous ownership on all things good. When he finds any worthy gift, he will be glad to share it with all men.

He will then know that he may possess that which is dear to him, not merely by the law of personal ownership, but by that greater law, the law which gives to each man to enjoy the things which his soul is prepared to appreciate.

And in all his generosity, let him remember that the goods, and the hearts, and the souls of others, are not his to give; he must hold sacred their rights.

Let each man look into his soul; let him weigh and measure it, and if he finds that it is mean and small, let him reach out for a more generous, whole-souled life, and he will find that, if he cast his small portion on the water, after many days, it will return to him, heavy-laden with the wholesome gifts it has gathered.

Let him appreciate his individuality and make of himself all

that God designed that he should; then let him continually give that self to the world, that the world, knowing him, may bestow its gifts upon him. And though, through desert, he may gain a God's share of life's blessings, let him not attempt to hold them in a selfish clutch.

Remember that Judas lost his heavenly inheritance by clinging to thirty paltry pieces of silver; while Christ gained an eternal and glorious salvation by giving his mortal body for sacrifice.

Lewisville, Idaho.

LISTEN TO THE SPIRIT'S VOICE.

(For the Improvement Era.)

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
'Twill guide you through each day,
And plant your feet more firmly in
The straight and narrow way.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
And then you'll be secure;
Though Satan's hosts may do their best
Your pathway to obscure.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice;
Oh listen while you're free,
For unto whom you list to serve,
His servant you will be.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice
While youth is in it's bloom,
Wait not until your friends have laid
Your body in the tomb.

Mesa, Arizona.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
The tempter then will flee;
If you will heed that warning voice,
He'll ne'er return to thee.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
When your cross seems hard to bear,
For close beside that cross I see
The Savior kneeling there.

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
You will be happy then,
For Father said: "My Spirit will
Not always strive with men."

Oh listen to the Spirit's voice,
His call is one of love:
'Twill lead you back to Father's house,
In his mansions up above.

M. A. STEWART,

WHEN THE STOVE SMOKED.*

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF THE "CASTLE BUILDER" "MARCUS KING," "ADDED UPON," ETC.

The old stove was surely out of commission. At the party the night before, some dancers had knocked it down, resulting in a lot of bent stove pipe and a broken iron leg. It was the evening for the deacons' quorum, and the boys were trying to straighten out the piping and substitute a brick for the missing leg. They had barely succeeded before the time for the meeting arrived. A fire was hastily built, but the smoke, refusing to escape through its accustomed channel, poured from the stove into the room. There was a good deal of coughing and sneezing when the bishop came in. He stood for a few moments looking at the scene, and then said:

"Boys, there's a nice, warm fire over to our house. If you will all come over with me, we will adjourn this meeting until next week."

The boys were more than willing. The room was cold and smoky, and soot covered the floor and seats, as also the faces and hands of some of the boys. The boys needed not a second invitation to visit the bishop at his home—they had been there before.

A few minutes later, ten expectant boys sat around the bishop's large dining room table. The sootiest of them had washed in the kitchen sink, and their faces shone clean and red in the lamp-light. The fire in the grate threw out a cheerful warmth. The boys felt and looked cozy.

* The associate editor of the ERA says that a title should not suggest the nature of the story.—N. A.

"It happened when I was a boy about the age of George, here," began the bishop, "when we lived up on the Weber river, and shall never forget it as long as I live."

The bishop stopped, took from his inside coat pocket a package of letters, and began looking them over. One of the boys, fearful that the bishop would not go on, asked,

"Forget what?"

The bishop smiled as he took a letter from the handful, looked at it a moment, and then laid it on the table.

"Oh, I'll tell you about it," he said. "This letter is from Thomas Mason, a boyhood friend of mine, who is now on his second mission to Great Britain. He mentions the incident of many years ago in his letter, and I thought you boys would be interested in it."

There was a chorus of affirmatives, as the boys drew their chairs close to the table. The bishop sat at the head in the easy chair, presiding, as was his wont and duty, at a meeting of the deacon's quorum.

"My father was a farmer," said the bishop, "and as I was the only boy, I learned early to work. The horses were my special charge. I had to turn them out and get them home again. Across the river from our place the hills come down close. Small streams had cut their way through, forming a number of gullies. These at their lower part where they joined the river formed small, level plots, covered with brush and grass. In summer, when I turned the horses out over night, I could usually find them in one of these small valleys in the morning.

"One spring day—I remember it was about noon, for I was hungry—I crossed the foot bridge which spanned the river. The river was very high that spring, and the frail bridge was in danger of being washed away. The river was also filled with railroad ties. I'll have to explain that the ties were cut up in the mountains and floated down on the high water. It was quite an event in our boy-live when the 'tie men' came down the river in their red flannel shirts and big boots, dislodging the ties from the many jams which they made, sending them floating on down the turbulent stream.

"I did not find the horses on the nearest plat, so I climbed

over the ridge to the next hollow. From the hill I saw, not my horses, but a big Indian encampment. It was the biggest I had ever seen. Wigwams filled the narrow valley and horses were picketed all around.

“Usually, I was not afraid of Indians. Every year a band of them camped somewhere along the hills, or in the meadows by the river, and we boys used to visit them frequently. The squaws made daily trips to the village, begging for ‘biscuit,’ and selling bead-covered moccasins. The Indian men were a lazy, shiftless lot. They did some hunting in the nearby mountains, sometimes bringing to camp a deer, which they turned over to the squaws, who dressed the hide and cured the meat in the sun.

“I stood looking down on that camp for some time. There had been rumors of an Indian outbreak on some reservation; that many of them were coming this way; that these Indians were not so civil as they might be, etc. I had listened to these tales as told at the village store, and they had made an impression on me. I had also heard that Indians were great horse thieves.

“I decided that I must find my horses as soon as possible. I went down the hill into the camp, a little timidly, I must confess. There was considerable bustle about the camp, as though it were about to move, though it could not have been there very long. The dogs barked at my approach, and the squaws scowled at me—or at least I imagined that they did. I knew some of the Indians that made yearly visits to our locality, but I did not recognize any in the groups that were lounging about.

“In one tent which I approached, a number of buck Indians were playing some kind of game, which, I have been told, was gambling. I stood at the tent door looking at them for a few minutes when one of the ugliest of them looked up at me and with a grunt said:

“ ‘What want?’

“I explained that I was looking for my horses. Had they seen any not their own?

“ ‘No seen horses,’ said the Indian—‘you git.’

“I got away from that encampment as though I were not afraid; but to tell the truth, I was. I saw no horses that looked like mine, though there were some in the brush that I could not see.

"I searched nearly all afternoon for my horses, but did not find them. Evening was coming on, but I did not like to go home without them. Coming back by way of the encampment, I found that it had gone,—tents, horses, bucks, squaws, and half-naked papooses,—all had disappeared, and there was the beaten-down grass, and the ashes, not yet cold.

"A great fear came to me. The Indians might have my horses! What could I do! All sorts of notions went through my mind. Though out of sight, the Indians could not be far away, and I could easily trace their route by the marks made by the horses and the dragging tent poles. I had no clear idea what I could do, but I found myself following the plain trail around the foothills and down to the river. That I must get my horses was the uppermost thought in my mind, but how, did not occur to me.

"I must have run along the trail for some time, for soon I saw a cloud of dust in front. Boys, I had read no dime novels, and had no foolish ideas of adventure. I was simply engrossed in getting my horses, and, boy-like, I did not stop to reason on how to get them.

"I followed those Indians for perhaps another half hour, and then the trail turned abruptly across the river. There wasn't much of a ford here. A horse could cross easily, but a small boy couldn't. The river was high and swift flowing, and ties came floating down in great numbers as though a big jam had recently been loosed above.

"I imagined the Indians would camp on the other side, so I was bent on getting across. I looked up and down for some possible crossing, but I could see none. It was getting late, and thoughts of home came to me. I was tired and very hungry.

"Down the stream a short distance, I found a big jam of ties. They had lodged against a big rock in the middle of the river, and by the aid of some drift wood on both sides, a bridge had been formed. I stepped onto a tie and found it quite firm; I passed onto the next, and then the next. My weight must have disturbed the nice balance in the bridge, because no sooner had I reached the rock in the middle of the stream than a tie floated from the jam, and then another, and in a moment the whole bridge broke into pieces and went scurrying down the river.

"A good many ties still clung to the rock upon which I had climbed; but the channels on both sides were filled with pitching, bumping timbers. I could not have crossed the swift-flowing stream, even had there been no danger from the floating ties.

"I clung to the rock for some time, hardly knowing where I was. Then I began to realize that I was in the middle of the river, with rushing waters all around me, and the sky darkening overhead. I forgot there were horses or Indians. What could I do? I found a comfortable position on the rock, out of reach of the water, so that I was in no danger of being washed off; but there I was. I could do nothing but sit and wait.

"But wait for what? I remember the plaintive song of a mourning dove from the hill, and it nearly made me cry. The shadows on the river were getting dark. I was a good distance from home, and the folks would never think of looking for me where I was—would I have to sit on that rock all night?

"Well, what else could I do but sit and wait? The night grew darker. The day noises ceased, and the night noises were heard. I did not know before that there is such a difference between these noises. Every little sound startled me; that was because I was nervous. My feet were wet, and I became cold. And, oh, how hungry I was! I thought of the folks at home, and wondered whether I should ever see them again.

"I guess I cried a little, and then I said my prayers, not once as usual, but, I remember, I repeated them. I promised the Lord a good many things which I have tried to live up to.

"The hours went on, but they seemed like years to me, I tell you, boys, a good many things came to me—the mean things which I had done, and the good things which I had not done. I recollect the blackest thing that stood before me was that the day before I had permitted my mother to get the wood which she had asked me to bring. It was, perhaps, not such a great wrong, but it loomed up before me greater than all the rest.

"After awhile the moon arose. I watched the light grow behind the hills, and then a shining edge came to view. How big and bright that moon was when at last it sailed, full and round, into the sky! The water gleamed and sparkled in the moonlight, and the night lost its dreaded darkness. It was like the

coming of a dear friend, and I have always liked the moon from that night.

"Very few ties now floated by, but once in a while one would lodge for an instant by the rock on which I was sitting. Then it occurred to me that I might float on a tie down the river. There were risks, but anything was better than sitting all night on the rock. I received new life from the thought, and watching my chance, I slid off the rock and got onto a tie. I became wet through in doing so, but safely straddled a big tie, and in a moment I shot out into the stream.

"Under different circumstances this ride might have been great fun, but it wasn't that night. I pushed away the ties that came dangerously near. Sometimes I could feel the river bottom grate under my feet, but I dared not get off my float, because of the swiftness of the current. Then I got into a deep, eddying pool. I floated round and round, making no progress down the river. I have no idea how many times I went around that eddy. My legs being in the cold water became benumbed with cold. I might have slid off the tie and tried to swim to shore; but there was great danger in that; besides, I was now getting weak and worn out, with very little energy or ambition left.

"Then I felt myself getting drowsy. That was a bad sign, but I did not know it. I felt more comfortable than ever. Presently, in the still, night air, I heard some one singing. I awoke from stupor and listened. It was a girl's voice, and the song was one I knew—a Sunday school song. I thought I had never heard such a sweet voice—how sweet a human voice can be! And, by the way, I think that voice is yet the sweetest I ever hear.

"Just then I left the pool and again shot out into the stream. As I came around a bend in the river, I saw a bridge and a wagon going across it. I shouted as loud as I could, and the wagon stopped. As I neared the bridge the current became stronger, and I came with a big bump against the side of the bridge. I felt a pain in my leg, and then there was a confused blurr. Just as I lost consciousness it seemed to me that the cold water went over my head."

The bishop paused as though he was through with his story. He picked up the letter from the table, looked at it a moment,

folded it, and put it back in his pocket. The boys sat expectantly. The bishop's wife came into the room to put some coal on the fire, and he, reaching around, got hold of her arm and drew her up to his chair.

"Do you remember, my dear," he said, "that night when you and your brother Tom dragged me half dead from the Weber river?"

"I should think I do," she replied.

"Well, say, haven't we a pan of apples for the boys? The stove smoked terribly over in the meetinghouse—a habit equally bad in stoves as in boys—and we don't like smoke; but we like apples—the big, red, juicy ones, mother,"

In a few minutes a heaping pan of apples was on the table, and each one helped himself. They munched away in silence for a few minutes, and one of them asked:

"Did the Indians steal your horses?"

The bishop smiled. "That's right, George," he said to the boy, "never lose sight of the main point. No; the Indians did not steal our horses—at least, not for keeps. They were found standing at the corral bars the next morning, apparently having come home of their own accord—something they had never been known to do before."

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ADVICE ON HOW TO SUCCEED.

Here are some good sentiments for the young man who wishes to get on. We found them pinned on the wall in a successful business house, and printed in large type so that all who passed could read:

If you would get ahead, stop looking behind.

Nobody cares what you have done, but what you are doing.

The man who does things makes mistakes, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes.

Don't duck when responsibility comes your way, except to get a firmer grip on it—you must throw it, or it will throw you.

SOCIABILITY.

BY AN AUSTRALIAN SISTER.

[The writer, in giving her name, in a note to the editor, says: "I write and send the inclosed on account of continually attending Sunday school and church meetings for eleven weeks, and not above three people recognized the presence of a stranger (myself) in their midst. One of these who did speak, noticed I was a stranger, and out of sympathy for loneliness spoke and admitted having attended this same meetinghouse for fourteen months and not having formed any acquaintances. I am not doing this in the spirit of fault-finding, but believe that the only reason for this reluctance at welcoming strangers, is that the youth of Zion don't stay to think, or realize our position."

In the ERA for October, 1904, Vol. 7, No. 12, President Joseph F. Smith, under the title "Social Duties," treats of this same subject in an editorial which should be read by every Latter-day Saint, once each year. It ought to be read from the pulpit of every meetinghouse as often.—EDITORS].

I am a Latter-day Saint lately arrived in Zion from a far off land. Since my arrival, many thoughts have arisen in my mind that I feel I would like to convey to my brothers and sisters over here. It puzzled me how to do so; then the idea came to me, why not try the IMPROVEMENT ERA, and hence answer a two-fold purpose? With its wide circulation, not only will the Saints in Zion read and gain an impression of how a new arrival feels, but the Saints in the world may also be benefited by the thoughts and experiences of others.

Out in the world, when the gospel in its fulness is brought to our homes, and we are led to see the truthfulness of it, and accept it, we feel that we have indeed been favored with a priceless treasure. We grow to love those that bring this message to our homes, and also our newly found brothers and sisters of the city we live in. The fact of our being Latter-day Saints makes us

conspicuous and an object for slurs, ridicule, etc., by our old associates, who turn their backs on us in the majority of cases. This causes us to unite and form strong, loving friendships, in our church branches, a love we hardly knew could be possible between people who, until joining with them, were unknown to us and complete strangers.

Reader, perhaps you have a brother, or, maybe, a parent in some far off land, called to fill a mission. Wherever he is laboring, he is greatly loved by the Saints of that place. They feel that they cannot do enough for him in return for the great blessing which has been brought to their home—the everlasting gospel. This missionary has left home and friends, all that he loved, to enter a strange land, with customs all new to him. He has made a sacrifice for the sake of the gospel, and will meet much unkindness and harsh treatment in the opposing world. The Saints know this, and do everything in their power to make him feel at home, and not let his mind dwell too much on all he has left behind. We who embrace the gospel almost simultaneously feel a desire to gather, not that we hear gathering preached, but it seems to come to one and all, by inspiration. Every effort is put forth to accomplish this purpose. Before we start for Zion, we are warned of existing evils, or failings, in that land, so that we may not come expecting perfection and be disappointed. We also make a sacrifice to come here. We part with our loved ones, home and friends, and come to a land of new customs and ways. Our parting may be for years or even for a life-time. It is not limited to from two to five years, like that of the missionary, but is indefinite. Many of our people are not in favor of our movement, or of “Mormonism.” When we arrive, we feel that it is to be amongst brothers and sisters, and we look for a recognition as such. We are reminded of the hymn in the psalmody, “Think not when you gather to Zion,” etc., and we do not look for great attention or entertainment, but for an occasional word of recognition, or a smile, which costs the giver nothing, and makes the receiver feel welcome and at home.

We know that the people in Zion have temporal duties devolving upon them that take up a great part of their time. In that, we resemble them when at home; we have our livelihoods to

earn, and also the special effort of getting means to come to the gathering place of the Saints. Whenever strange faces are seen at one of our meetings, we step up to them and speak, and in this way they are made to feel welcome and they come again. Investigators in time are eventually numbered among us. This is a difficult task at first to a nervous or reticent nature, but the love of the gospel easily masters that feeling, our nervousness is overcome in our desire to share our blessings with others, and so the gospel spreads.

I would like to draw the attention of my brothers and sisters in Zion to this. If any one enters one of our places of worship, they are either members of our Church, or not. If members, then they are brothers and sisters, and a word or a handshake is appreciated. If not members, they will appreciate the same manner of treatment, and feel eager to come again, and in continual coming, they become interested, and often are converted. Thus in putting aside the formality of waiting for introductions, and by letting the spirit of love, emanating from the gospel, take precedence, we may do great missionary work in our own midst, and also make our new arrivals feel as much at home as they did in the meetings they enjoyed in their old home. Many times our brothers and sisters feel a longing for their old home and associations, and sometimes are a little disappointed over here. Often when this feeling is on them, they return to their native land. It is only the Spirit of God, and a strong will that can detain them. It is a test to a newcomer, and we might do a lot to lessen that test, and make the trial lighter by a word, smile or handshake. So, brothers and sisters, put forth every effort to be sociable.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF ST. PAUL'S LIFE IN ROME.

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "MY REASONS FOR LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

VI.

The trial of Paul took place before Nero, in A. D. 68. Hurried from his place of incarceration, he was led into the forum by the steps of wailing, and as his look wandered around, he could not but have seen in the distance the huge bronze colossus of the sun, towering up to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and crowned with the head of Nero in gold. He must also have seen the Emperor's *Auræa Domus*, or Goldenhouse, to find room for the erection of which it is said that Nero originated the great fire in A. D. 64, in order to burn out all the buildings which occupied the requisite area. The vast limits of this new imperial palace included a park one mile square, porticos three thousand feet long, botanical and zoological gardens, cascades and fountains, the temple of Claudius, and the costly fish ponds known as *Stagna Neronis*. Their site was afterward occupied by the stupendous mass of the colosseum, which Professor Ramsey considers to be the most impressive, perhaps, of all ancient ruins. The chief interest to Christians in this grand structure lies in the fact that it was here that the martyrs of old were collected, gathered together as it were, under the shadow of the cross, to offer up their lives in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, in such manner as the popular voice might dictate, by flame or the sword, by torture of kinds, or by wild, hungry and ferocious

beasts, brave men and women and children, of whom the world was not worthy, but who, like their great Master and pattern, patiently endured, looking hopefully forward to those glorious crowns which should adorn their brows in that land beyond of peace, happiness and mutual love.

Along the Via Sacra, and up the incline of the Via Tuscus, the apostle was conducted on to the Palatine hill to the "Basilica Jovis," or hall of justice, which is still to be seen amidst the ruins of the palace of Domitian. After a fire which took place in the reign of Titus, when the palace of Augustus was destroyed, Domitian filled up the ruins, and on the top of them erected his own palace. Mr. Russell-Forbes informs us that some of the buildings so filled up were consecrated ones and consequently had to be rebuilt on the higher level, and that one so treated was this "Basilica Jovis," which, there is evidence, was erected on the lines of the older one. Dr. Macduff considers that if the present basilica is not the very same judicial tribunal to which the apostle was brought, it occupies the same position exactly with the court where he stood, although on a slightly higher level, and that the form and construction of the hall of justice was quite unchanged. In describing the basilica, he adds that at the further end, and raised some five feet above the pavement, was the *Subsellia*, where the twelve judges sat, the "Curile" chair inlaid with ivory and gold, being reserved as the imperial throne whereon sat the Emperor or his consular legate, always surrounded by lictors carrying their fasces. Underneath this tribune were ranged the subservient lawyers. Near the circular stone of Egyptian porphyry and granite in front of the tribune stood an altar, on which the robed senators had to lay their hands when swearing to judge righteous judgment. A few paces back where there are still the remains of a richly wrought bar of marble, stood the apostle chained to one of the Prætorian guard, and near him there would be room for any friend or advocate to render him assistance; but, as Dr. Macduff truly points out, there were none such in the case of Paul. "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me" (II Timothy iv: 16). The apostle, however, was still able to add, "Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me,"

(verse 17); and it was in that strength that he was able to calmly confront his judges, undaunted and courageous.

St. Paul, when writing to Timothy after the trial was over, said, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil." (II Timothy iv: 14), so that it would seem as if Alexander had been summoned as a witness against him. This was the same Alexander to whom reference is made in Acts xix: 33, on the occasion of the general uproar against Paul at Ephesus in A. D. 59. He was apparently a converted Jew, but afterwards on account of heresy was excommunicated by the apostle in about A. D. 65. "Of whom is Hymenæus and Alexander; whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme" (I Timothy i: 20).

The trial came to a conclusion by each of the assessors recording their findings on separate tablets, which were then handed over to the presiding judge, who on this occasion was the dreaded Nero himself. Mr. Russell-Forbes, quoting from the historian Suetonius (Nero xv), tells us how that autocrat dispensed justice: "In the administration of justice, he scarcely ever gave his decision on the pleadings before the next day, and then in writing. *
* * When he withdrew, he consulted his assessors, he did not debate the matter openly with them, but silently and privately reading over their opinions which they gave separately in writing, he pronounced sentence from the tribunal according to his own views of the case, as if it were the opinion of the majority."

Paul, on being acquitted on the first count, or charge of complicity in the great fire of Rome, was escorted back to his dungeon to await his trial on the second count or charge of furthering the Christian religion, one to which he could apparently give but one answer, an answer that must effectually destroy all chance of his ever again regaining his freedom on this side of the grave. That the great apostle himself realized this fact, is, I think, evident from his words to Timothy, written from his prison shortly before his second trial. "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand" (II Timothy iv: 6). All hope of ever again obtaining liberty was lost, for at that time Christians were in very bad odor, and the apostle was therefore kept in close and strict confinement. Not long before his death, he wrote his last epistle, namely his second letter to

Timothy, and in reference to this close custody, he said, "Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil-doer, even unto bonds" (II Timothy ii: 9).

His great anxiety to once more see his dearly beloved son Timothy found expression in the words, "Greatly desiring to see thee" (chapter i:4). "Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me" (chapter iv: 9). Do thy diligence to come before winter" (verse 21) The fact that he requested Timothy to bring with him the cloak which the apostle had left at Troas with Carpus, as also certain parchments, seems to point to his having been hurried away from Troas, after his arrest there, not even having had time allowed him to get his cloak and papers together before leaving, and this gives strength to the supposition that his arrest there, and his dispatch to Rome must have been very sudden. The cloak he would certainly require in the cold, damp, dark cell of the Mamertine prison which he occupied. He knew not how long he might be detained by the caprice of the Emperor, awaiting his trial on the second charge, perhaps even through the coming winter, and the cloak would certainly be a source of comfort and protection to him. The faithful physician Luke still remained near him, for the apostle says in his letter to Timothy, "Only Luke is with me" (chapter iv: 11), and he adds, "Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry." Paul had sent Mark to the Colossians during his former two years of Roman captivity (Colossians iv: 10), and now seems to have been anxious to have him with him again, as there was probably work awaiting him to carry out.

It is just possible that Timothy and Mark may not have been able to arrive in time to find Paul alive, for the great drama of his life came to a close in June, A.D. 68, not long after he had penned his last letter to Timothy. The apostle's final trial came on for hearing before the Emperor's consular legate, Nero himself being away in Greece at the time. Paul was again taken to the "Basilica Jovis," or great hall of justice, in the imperial palace on the Palatine, and was there arraigned on the charge of promoting a new and unlawful religion, and having been found guilty was sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The sentence, however found him prepared to meet his end calmly, for in his second let-

ter to Timothy he wrote, "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day" (II Timothy iv: 6, 7, 8.)

Mr. Russell-Forbes says that in Roman jurisprudence there was no time allowed between sentence and execution: as in the case of our Savior, who was led from the judgment hall to crucifixion, and in the case of Stephen, who was taken from the court of the high priest to be stoned, so St. Paul, not being condemned to imprisonment but to death, was led from the judgment hall to suffer at once. Hurried away by the guard of soldiers on duty, he was marched down once more into the forum, taken along the Via Sacra and the Via Triumphalis, onto the Ostian road, through the Ostian gate, now called Porta San Paola, in the old Servian wall, and so on to a spot in the Campagna, which still retains the tradition of his execution. Close by the Ostian gate stands the curious pyramidal tomb of one Caius Cestus, the last monument probably that Paul's eyes rested on in life. It has been truly said, "Among the works of man, that pyramid is the only surviving witness of Paul's martyrdom" (Howson and Conybeare.)

Romish tradition has it that Paul and his brother apostle, Peter, were led out together to suffer death, and that soon after they had passed through the Ostian gate, and had reached a spot where there is at present a small roadside chapel, their final parting took place, Peter being hurried away to the Circus of Nero, (now the Vatican) to be there crucified, and Paul being marched further along the road to a place three miles beyond the gate and slightly off the road, where he suffered death by decapitation, for unlike Peter, he was a Roman citizen, and as such exempt from the ignominy of crucifixion. Dr. Macduff gives us the traditional interchange of farewells between these two Saints of God. Paul said to Peter, "Peace be with thee, foundation of the Church, shepherd of the flock of Christ," and Peter replied, "Go in peace, preacher of good things, and guide of the salvation of the just."

Upon Paul reaching the place of execution, he was made to kneel down, and the sword of the executioner flashing in the sunlight, severed at a blow his head from his body. The spot where

he was executed goes by the name of *Tre Fontane*, or three fountains, the legend of the Church of Rome being that as the apostle's head fell, it made three successive bounds, and that at each bound, just where the severed head struck the ground, a fountain miraculously burst forth. A church called the Church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane was subsequently erected here, and exists up to the present day. In its right transept is a broken pillar, encircled by an iron railing, which, it is asserted, formed the executioner's block, and close by are three fountains or springs, over each of which has been erected an altar with a representation of Paul in relief.

Many other legends regarding Paul, pious frauds, as Mr. Russell-Forbes terms them in his book, have been handed down in the Church of Rome, of which I will quote one. A Christian lady convert named Plantilla, wishing to see the great apostle for the last time, placed herself on the roadside as he passed to execution, and weeping, knelt and craved his blessing. He asked her to give him her handkerchief with which to cover his eyes, promising to return it after his death. She at once complied with his request, and after his execution he appeared before her, and restored to her the handkerchief, stained with his blood.

The body of the martyred apostle, one cannot help but believe was taken by his friends and followers, and interred not far from the place of his death. St. Chrysostom in one of his writings says that Paul's grave was then well-known, and we can easily understand that this was the case, when we learn that it was universally the custom of the primitive Church to look most zealously after the place where a martyr was buried, and more especially would this practice have been followed when the martyr was himself the great apostle of the gentiles. Later on, a wealthy Roman lady convert to Christianity, named Lucina, is said to have had the remains removed to her own land, about half way between the Ostian gate and the Tre Fontane, where Paul had suffered death, and which place was afterwards used as a catacomb. The Christian Emperor Constantine, in A. D. 388, erected a church over this catacomb, and it was greatly enlarged under successive Emperors, such as Valentinianus II, Theodosius II, and Arcadius, and attained the summit of its splendor under the pontificate of Leo III, in the

eighth century. It was almost entirely destroyed by fire in the year 1823, but fortunately some of the valuable mosaics of the thirteenth century were preserved.

Its re-erection commenced under Leo XII, and, although its outward architectural appearance is not now impressive, its interior is probably the finest ecclesiastical monument in the world. A description of its harmonious beauty on paper can never, I believe, be sufficiently adequate, and it all requires to be seen in order to appreciate the grandeur of this superb basilica of priceless marbles.

An exquisite baldacchino or canopy, supported on four beautiful columns of oriental alabaster, covers the apostle's tomb. Another beautiful canopy (Gothic) resting on four columns of fine porphyry overshadows an ancient papal altar, while the priceless mosaics in all the harmony of their glorious coloring enhance the beauty of their surroundings, and lend a charm to the magnificent architecture of the interior aisles and naves, the bright marble floors of which reflect, as on a lake, the eighty lofty Corinthian columns of polished granite which support the roof, the gifts of the Catholic sovereigns and princes of Europe, and which are surmounted by seventy-five portraits in mosaic of the popes, commencing from St. Peter down to Leo XIII, places being reserved for future Pontiffs. The beautiful, painted glass windows in the side aisles were executed by A. Ravoni, and the valuable marbles in the church were brought together from all parts of the world, while not the least of the attractions of this famous building are its valuable pictures by such painters as Podesti, Goggetti and Ghezzi, and its wonderful frescos representing facts in the life of the great Apostle Paul himself. The church is known as that of *San Paolo fuori le Mura*, or St. Paul outside the walls. Close by the apostle's tomb, and in front of the high altar, is a humble shrine bearing the simple inscription, "Timothei." Here lie the ashes of Paul's dearly beloved son in the faith, Timothy. As in life, so in death, they were united, two servants of God lying side by side, having fought the good fight, steadfast to the last, and awaiting the sound of the archangel's trump to arise and come forth on the morning of the first resurrection, and receive those crowns of which the great apostle spoke as being laid up for all

those who loved the appearing of our Lord (II Timothy iv: 8).

It is not my purpose to enter into the war of words which has been waged around the subject of the death of Peter, the brother Apostle of Paul, but I may perhaps best bring this paper to a close by adding a few words regarding him.

Peter's death by crucifixion head downwards is said to have taken place in the center of the circus of Caligula and Nero, a place where the latter-named tyrant put a number of Christians to the most cruel deaths imaginable. The remains of those martyrs were buried in a grotto which was close to the circus, and there also was the body of Peter laid. In Piali's book, *A Week in Rome*, we are told that St. Anacletus (Pope) had an oratory erected upon the tomb of this apostle, and that later on, in A. D. 326, Constantine the Great built a basilica on the spot with five aisles, which was afterwards frequently restored. Pope Nicholas V, who occupied the chair of Peter from A. D. 1447 to 1453, decided to erect a magnificent cathedral in honor of the Prince of the Apostles, and the work was carried on under successive Popes, and eventually completed by Pius VI. The work was suspended on two or three occasions, but when finished in the time of Pius VI by the construction of the Sacristy, and by placing two clocks on the facade and two others in the interior, the building had taken 176 years to complete, and had cost over £10,000,000, (ten million pounds sterling or fifty million dollars), covering an area of 240,000 square feet, and requiring £6,000, (six thousand pounds sterling or thirty thousand dollars), annually for its up-keep. This is the now famous church of St. Peters in the Vatican. The Egyptian Obelisk, which at present stands in the *Piazza di San Pietro in Vaticano* in front of the basilica or cathedral, originally occupied a position in the circus of Nero, where it was placed when brought by the Emperor Caligula from Egypt. A stone near the Sacristy with an inscription upon it, marks the site which the obelisk then occupied, and it was at the foot of that monument that Peter is believed to have been martyred.

There is but little left to add. It is said that during the persecutions of the third century, the bodies of both Peter and Paul were removed from their resting places, and taken for safety to the cemetery of San Sebastian, and that ultimately they were

again exhumed, and eventually interred in the respective sites now marked by the altars of the two basilicas bearing their names; that means to say, in the places where they were first buried, and over which Constantine the Great erected his original churches. The remains of these two Apostles, and more especially so those of Paul, would, however, seem to have been subsequently divided up, if we can believe the stories handed down in the Roman church, for we are told that the heads of both Peter and Paul now rest below a magnificent Gothic baldacchino in the cross-aisles of the basilica of San Giovanni in Laterano, (St. John Lateran). One half of the bodies of each are preserved in the Church of St. Paolo fuori le Mura, and the other halves in St. Peters in the Vatican, while an arm of Paul is in the Church of St. Paolo alle regola, a finger at St. Spirito, and teeth in various other churches. Mr. Russell Forbes in the appendix to his book, *The Footsteps of St. Paul in Rome*, quotes from the historian Guicciardini, says that, when Rome was sacked by the Imperialists (1527 A. D.), they took the bodies of Peter and Paul, which were then in St. Peters, and, after dragging them about the streets, threw them into the Tiber.

To whatever indignities the remains of these two servants of the Lord may have been subjected, whether by division and distribution among certain churches, or by having been cast into the river, and so carried down to the sea, their rewards to which they both so earnestly looked forward, and the crowns of glory for which they so continually strove, are awaiting them in the Celestial kingdom of their Father. Of Paul, St. Chrysostom once said; that "although only three cubits high, he was yet tall enough to reach heaven." Truly he was a great man, one to whom all nations may be said to be under a deep obligation, and who was therefore not inappropriately termed by this same St. Chrysostom "the heart of the world."

(THE END.)

Pas de Calais, France.

PHANTOMS OF HOPE.

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN.

"When I'm a man," the stripling cries,
And strives the coming years to scan;
"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
When I'm a man."

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
"Bravely the lark and linnet sung
Their carol under sunny skies,
When I was young."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—hope that the great unknown future will remedy every ill and satisfy all the longings and ambitions of the human heart.

There is a popular belief in the minds of young men, that life will realize her dearest hopes, "some time, some way," that they may come as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, induced by nothing but the idle wish. This belief overlooks the fact that success, whatever it may be, if it come at all, must come as the natural and only result of the manner of life preceding it,—as the inevitable outgrowth of actions that will produce it, as a seed will bring forth after its kind. It makes no allowance for the existing relationship between present and future, nor considers that "to-morrow stalks abroad in today."

There is a great fitness of succession in human affairs, as if some huge balance wheel were placed to preserve their sequence and harmony. A change cannot be introduced too suddenly; it must come by degrees as the way is prepared and made possible—yes, favorable to its coming. The events of change must "cast their shadows before," because they are the counterpart and

successors to existing conditions. They are the result of present action, and must be exactly what this action can and will produce.

The key to the mysteries of the future is a proper appreciation of the present, an understanding of what the shaping factors are now, coupled with a knowledge of what these same factors have done and are doing. We may know what to expect of a thing with whose nature and history we are familiar.

There are boys whose faces beam with hope and cheer, and they have no doubt that the great mysterious future will bestow upon them the things they prize most highly,—that their old age will be a great monument of achievement and worthy labors; yet the only material with which this monument can be erected is being sacrificed to the idols of cheap pleasure and sinful excess. The fund of physical and mental strength entrusted to their care for this especial purpose is lavished on vain and perverted appetites. They treat it as a great sum of money bestowed by chance upon them, not knowing its worth or what it can purchase; not thinking from whence it came or how soon it will be exhausted; but feeling that it is limitless, and may be used for anything and everything that will gratify the present moment.

They do not invest it in any profitable business, nor turn it to the accomplishment of any great labor. Yet they foolishly suppose that, though they are crippling and wasting it today, and opening no avenues for it tomorrow, it yet will achieve, without any trouble to them, all they have desired to do and become. They are glutting the present with things intended for a greater development and nobler use at a later day; and aside from building no place of refuge for the future, they are robbing it of power to stand in its own defense. Every force that could gain the things they are so confident of having, is placed on the altar of present dissipation, and they are approaching, every day, that period when their lives will be empty and desolate, and painful to behold; yet they continue their course and hug the phantom of blind hope.

There are boys who fully expect sometime in this world to perform labors worthy of true manhood,—to reach some of the highest stages of human attainment; yet the hope—we cannot say it is founded on falsehood, for really it has no foundation or support, it simply has never been called into serious question and its

inconsistency thus revealed—has not yet met the sterner realities that will brand it as a freak of the imagination.

These boys have reveled in thought of success and great things, and have not considered that the first steps towards that goal are the steps they scorn to take. They have not asked themselves whether they are approaching it today, or if there will ever be a more opportune time to start in that direction. They have not discovered that success, in the broad sense, is barely gained by a life of devotion to its principles; that it is built by each minute of opportunity, and each gem of truth that men can bring from the depth of their endeavor. They have not recognized it to be a life of small opportunities embraced with all the heart; a great multitude of trifles diligently moulded into "the perfection that is no trifle," but have looked for wind or time or accident to do what the well directed skill of man has hardly been able to achieve. In short, they have hoped to reach a definite end, whose features their day dreams have pictured, by pursuing no kind of course, definite or indefinite.

Oh, phantom hope! It is leading boys to miserable failure—exactly the same failure which many older men have reached by following blindly after it.

It would be difficult to find a boy who would picture a life of debility in all its hideousness, and wish to follow it; but they are easy to find who covet worth and skill, who at the same time are adhering rigidly to the ethics of ruin. No boy with unwarped intelligence looks for the climax of his hopes through avenues of tobacco, or intemperance, or dishonor. These things are proven bad by all who test them; they are the very poison and blight of failure.

Yet there is pleasure in them—there is the voice of the siren that calls with magic persuasion. She does not point out the ghastly end of this course; it would frighten her clients away forever. She does not point to the stooping, shrunk wrecks who have listened for years to her sweet music; nor does she make mention of the prisons, and hospitals, and madhouses where she has sent her most devoted followers to hide their cadaverous faces from her view; she does not tell of the broken hearts and blighted lives, of the defeat and despair and pain; of the mother

who waits in sorrow alone for the child of her hope, whom she loved, and nourished and prayed for as only a mother can. Oh, no! All these things the siren hides with the cunning of Lucifer, and repeats with oily enticement, "some time, some way," assuring her victim that it is only for today—that all the tomorrows will be turned to counteract the evil, if really there is any evil.

It is not the promising end that leads men on, and on, but the short-lived pleasure and dissipation in spite of that end, from which they turn their eyes to gaze wistfully away at the light; while they are drawn subtly into the darkness.

This is no strained metaphor. This phantom of hope has soothed and assured men, while they were lowered smoothly and easily to the depth of disease and depravity. It has led the most passive, timorous natures to pursue most unfalteringly the path of destruction. Who has not seen miserable, vascillating old age, that was yet as positive as fate in clinging to the sources of its misery? Who has not seen youth that was true to no work, and diligent in no cause but the cause of their overthrow? who, however idle or indolent they are in other respects, never miss an opportunity to poison their bodies and minds with things they know to be bad.

In many cases they are so much in earnest, they filch tobacco from a friend, or wait in a saloon for hours at a time to be given a drink. They deceive their superiors, and neglect their work to seek entertainment from the vilest mind. They are slow to learn anything that may do them good, but can readily memorize a vulgar song or an obscene story. Yet they hope that chance, the unintelligent floundering of affairs, will bring about the good works their physical and mental organism is failing every day to accomplish, beside removing the injury they are inflicting on themselves.

Of course, they may reform; that is often their intention, and they suppose it will be an easy matter. They may do it—they can do it; but drawing these stakes will be more difficult than driving them. The deeds of today will be part of the past eternity—absolutely unchangeable; and as established precedents and accomplished facts, they will stand out with the resisting power of cool lava, against proposed future changes. They will cry out in aw-

ful protest against them,—a protest so terrible that very few men have been able to silence and overcome it.

We know hosts of men and boys who have hoped, and still hope, to develop a strong and vigorous manhood; yet, hugged more closely to their breast than the hope, was one little member of a family of vice, that afforded pastime and pleasure and seemed a harmless thing. It may have been the cigarette, it may have been liquor, idleness, novels, cards, or something else; but whichever it was, it has grown in favor with its master till it has been promoted to the place of Master Habit. It has then proceeded to instal all its brothers in the places it caused to be vacated. This same little habit has grown and been promoted from Master Habit, to Master of Passion, Master of Mind, Master of Man—body and soul, and has placed a limit to his going, commanding him in all things. And the man, or more properly speaking, the creature that was a man, during all this time, has been soothed, yes chloroformed with the hope of providence or something else intervening to do what he was stupidly, yet positively, refusing to do.

We have observed the workings of this phantom hope till we are alarmed,—this deception that is stalking boldly among the young men. It is depriving men and boys of the essential features of manliness, causing them to cripple their will power and canker the tissues of brain and body.

Imagine a man without a will, and power to accept or reject with any decision at all,—without a mind to appreciate the good or fear the evil,—without the physical force to execute any worthy design; yet there are hosts of men and boys laboring diligently and earnestly and unceasingly to reach this very condition. They do not fail or forget to lower the standard of their mentality one more notch, whenever it is suggested by perverted appetite. Whatever good labor or worthy cause they slight, they are never untrue to the suicidal policy they have adopted. They serve it faithfully. If there is anything that is elevating or that savors of improvement, they promptly reject it. If there is any movement on foot to cultivate the mind or body, in them it finds no sympathy.

But to a mind and soul-destroying practice they are easy prey. Popular excess is not rejected. Slang is 'nothing'; idle talk is nothing; squandered time and wasted opportunity are matters of

small importance. The germs of decay and ruin implanted in body and mind are nothing of serious consequence at all. Yet, as there are laws of eternal truth that have been placed by God to govern the affairs of human destiny, just so sure will all these things stand in spite of the phantom of hell-inspired courage and argument, as unfailing prophecies of the wreck and downfall of every man and boy who perverts his God-given hope to soothe and quiet his mind, and paralyze his sense of fear, while he surrenders himself, body and soul, to the manacles of that agent who has never made of man anything but ignominious failure.

Grayson, Utah.

OREGON.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Heart's chosen home, I see thee in visions;
 I see thee in dreams, when night drifteth down:
 Once more I wander on dear old Mount Tabor,
 While shining afar are the lights of the town.

I list to the sound of the wind in the fir-trees,
 (God's Aeolian harp that speaks to the soul,)
 Soft as the slumber-song of childhood,
 Over the heart doth the melody roll.

Thy mountains—blue as the deep sky of summer,—
 Inspires the Psalmist-spirit of old,
 And my heart goeth out to thy river in longing,
 Thy river that gleams like a river of gold.

A river of gold, when greeted by morning;
 A river of opal, when day is nigh done;
 But a river of silver that mirrors the heavens,
 Aquiver with gladness, beneath the bright sun.

O a part of my heart and my soul art thou ever,
 Thou didst foster my youth in days that are past.
 I awake from my dreaming, but memories linger,
 And like attar of roses, forever shall last.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Waterloo, Utah.

THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water.—Rev. 14: 6, 7.

It had been my good fortune to gaze on the wondrous and beautiful scenes of many lands; to look out from Gizeh over the vast, gleaming lands of Sahara, and trace the seventy odd miles of desert wherein the children of Israel wandered for forty years. There were pyramids arising in the distance and near by, both large and small. From Mount Nebo, to view almost the length of Palestine, unto Mount Hermon, towering far in the north, crowned with eternal snow, and to imagine the feelings of the great lawgiver on viewing the land to which he was denied an entrance; and now from the monastery of St. John, situated on the very edge of an extinct crater, to gaze on the ever-to-be remembered Island of Patmos.

I had dreamed among the prophecies of the Apocalypse, had quoted it, taught it, and loved it, but never, even in my wildest dreams, had it entered into my heart until now, that I should behold it. So many sacred places are questioned, holy spots doubted, but here we have a certainty. Whoever thought that any other of the many islands was Patmos? Its identity is confirmed by the history of these islands, from 520 B. C., down to the present time; even the story of the Amazons is given. The temple of Artemis stood here until 1088, when its idol was thrown down by an over-zealous Christian, but in the midst of the citadel its pedestal can still be seen.

Neither in sacred nor profane history is there anything to prove that St. John was banished here; though that he lived here for some years is undisputed. Neither does it appear that there were ever mines on the island, or that it ever held a penal settlement. On the decree of death to all Christians (the only penalty) issued by Domitian, the Roman Emperor, in about the year 94, A. D., St. John may have taken refuge here, or he may have come to preach the gospel, for certain it is that in John's day, the island was more densely populated than now. His coming may have been the divine will, because of the work he was to perform; for a more superb and inspiring view, and a more solemn solitude, could not be found than are afforded from the large opening of the rock-hewn cave, situated half way between the old crater and the mountain whereon towered the temple of Diana.

There are monks and nuns on Patmos now, and hermits, Christian hermits, too, perhaps following the example of its hermit of world-wide fame. There is also a college on Patmos, with about forty students, all of the Greek Orthodox church, and whose influence among the people is for good. Here strangers are treated with courtesy, and the clamor for "backsheesh" is unheard! A recent visitor to the island speaks of its library, as being one of note, and that in Athos, not far distant, many treasures are still to be seen. From Pergamos, on the other shore, came the manufacture of parchment of that name, which was occasioned by the great demand for its manuscripts. In the town of Nice, great councils were held, which gatherings inspired Christodolus to found a library where his monks could study and copy. In later times pirates sacked this collection; stole its wealth away to the enrichment of other lands. Many precious manuscripts have been carried away, among them a copy of the gospel of the sixth century, which was dyed in purple and had the names of God and Christ written in gold, their whereabouts being now unknown—though one may be seen at Niama. All told, there are only a few thousand persons on Patmos, but they are very religious, devoutly attending worship in their two hundred churches, which are all painted white. The village of Patmos, sometimes called St. John, contains about two hundred houses and four thousand inhabitants, all Greeks, and mostly a seafaring people. Standing on the fore-

deck of the French liner *Orenoque*, we silently watch our approach to the island. Patmos is situated twenty miles south of Samos, on the west coast of Asia Minor, in latitude thirty-seven degrees, seventeen minutes north, and longitude twenty-six degrees, thirty minutes east. The day is an ideal one; the air is exhilarating, the sky almost cloudless, the glistening waters of the Aegean Sea floating away and away.

About noon we had weighed anchor at Samos, that ancient historical island, where long ago Antony and Cleopatra abode; and where Paul and Barnabas landed to preach the gospel. Diligent inquiry, however, failed to find any trace of their visit.

Anxiously scanning the horizon in all directions for the first glimpse of Patmos, the time passed but slowly. These were the quarters of the Mohammedans, the deck where they assembled, while the one below was covered with their mats and bedding, all of which they had to bring on board with them, no provision in this regard being made for them by the S. S. company. As we walked among them to reach the upper deck, we saw them lounging or sleeping; spread all around upon the deck, of all ages, stages of dishabille, and shades of cleanliness. The gay colors of their garments and belongings were very striking. On the very bow of the vessel a Mohammedan lad was astride, smoking, while nearby some others were engaged in the same pastime. As soon as they moved away, I stood at the bow myself; then nothing marred my pleasure, as intently I enjoyed the marvelous view. The captain very courteously sent word to the ministers of the gospel, with whom I was traveling, with some of their ladies, that on the right or the wide opening between the islands, immediately ahead of the steamer, was the Isle of Patmos. Scarcely a word was exchanged, as the island became more clearly defined, even until the glasses brought it close to us. In thinking of Patmos one naturally imagines it a parcel of land, almost circular, having one mountain peak. In reality, it has three high mountain peaks, some smaller ones, and is eleven miles long; at its narrowest point it is three hundred feet wide. Of course, it is encircled with water; in this respect being different to Mount Carmel, which, though we call it Mount Carmel, it is twelve miles long. As we draw nearer, the high, irregular towers

of the convent give it almost the appearance of a fortress, while the village of St. John below them, appears as if it would fall over into the sea. Reverent, awe-inspired, we behold the sacred spot. All is still, yet a thousand voices tell the story of long ago, when the history of the world, from beginning to end, passed as a panorama before the vision of John the Divine. The village is reached by a steep and rugged ascent. In a grotto, under the Greek convent, above the town, is the supposed abode of the Apostle John, and where he wrote the wonderful Book of Revelation. From the cave, the view is majestically grand! On the left the mainland rests misty in the distance; on the right, other islands of the Archipelago, and before us the changing colors of the Aegean sea, scintillating like gold beneath the sun's crimson rays.

Where in all the world could a place be found more grand than this, where the destiny of the earth and its inhabitants could be shown? Before John, in the light of eternity, passed all nations, times and peoples, until time shall be no more, and he, beholding, has given to the world the Book of Revelation.

Millions of earth's children have pored over the things written in the book, but comprehended them not, yet there they are today, as gloriously grand as when the visions of eternity made them plain.

As we sailed away from Patmos, the company burst into song, with thrilling effect:

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

How the melody wafted over the waves, as the purple mists dispersed! While my companions sang of the power of Jesus' name, my thoughts reverted to the prophecy found in the fourteenth chapter of the book; I knew that it was fulfilled; that the angel had flown through the heavens far away from Patmos, over to the land of America. That, as a wondrous personage, he had announced his name as Moroni, to the boy Joseph Smith, telling him that he had been sent from the presence of the Almighty, to declare the place of the hidden record, and the ushering in of the last gospel dispensation.

Then my vision was quickened, and I could see his glorious form, tall and stately, his white robe revealing his ivory chest, the sweeping folds only reaching his ankles, his transparent feet appearing below, while he stepped, seemingly not upon the earth, but rather in the air. Not one around me believed as I do, not one would so interpret the vision of the angel. But in the light from Patmos, he was revealed to me as never before. Over the mountains he seemed to fly slowly, gracefully, beyond the seas, his face turned to the Land of Promise.

Nearly all the civilized world are willing to ascribe all power to Jesus' name, but to some it must be limited to what they think and understand. We were only a few believers among hundreds of the Mohammedan faith, of the ship's passengers, who did not believe him to be divine at all. As I looked into the faces of my companions, pressed close around me, I thought, if he were to come now and here, would you receive him? And my answer was, "no." As he suffered before, so would they treat him again, if he came in the same way.

Then I wondered why the light had come to me; was I more worthy to understand, while so many groped in darkness? How many had desired to see the things that I had looked upon, and could not. Thus was I humbled, while a feeling of gratitude filled my heart. And the gospel, it seemed more precious to me than ever before. These scenes may appear as when John the Revelator tarried here. The restless, rolling sea still kisses the feet of Patmos, as in obeisance; the wondering other lands stand as mute witnesses.

The light is fading, but for a moment the scene is lit as by glory divine. Then, as the vessel slowly veers around, and the gap deepens and widens between us and the shore, night's curtain is drawn, and darkness hides it from view. Thoughts of the gentle apostle, whose great desire was to win souls to Christ till he comes, crowded the mind, and Patmos, bathed in the glory reflected from sea and sky, seemed a foreshadowing of the glory that awaits him, at the close of his ministry, whose head was once laid on the Savior's breast, and whose eyes looked in his, in silent, loving adoration.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW TO CELEBRATE.

One of the features of the celebration of the 24th of July this year, the 60th anniversary of the settlement of Salt Lake Valley, was the organization of a society of the Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers. As explained at the meeting, the main object, aside from its social features, is to encourage fitting celebrations of Pioneer Day throughout the Church. Doubtless the central organization will hold model celebrations. It is also announced that the organization will encourage the preservation of prominent and interesting facts and incidents connected with the early history of the Church. Senator Reed Smoot was by acclamation elected president of the society.

That such an organization with such purposes in view should be established is both pleasing and commendable. There is certainly great need of a change in our method of celebrating the day. It is to be expected that the new organization, besides engendering enthusiasm among the venerated of the pioneers, to make the 24th a holiday in very deed, will also create a sentiment among them to have the holiday celebrated in such manner as its significance demands. Every business establishment should be closed. It should be a day for rest and contemplation. The object uppermost in the minds of the pioneers in coming here, should be held in view. That appears to be altogether forgotten now, in many of our celebrations. We celebrate to obtain personal pleasure and gratification, on this day, rather than as we should, to instruct ourselves and our children with the value and magnitude of the undertaking of the fathers and mothers who settled these valleys. We seek the spirit of pleasure rather than

that of the gospel, and think of our own enjoyment rather than the grand mission of the Church, which actuated every movement, every thought, desire, hope and ambition of the pioneers. It should be remembered that it was a religious movement which caused the Church to come out into the wilderness to settle the dreary wastes which have since been made to teem with abundance. Every onward step was made in faith. Every advance forward was actuated by religious impetus. It was not money, adventure, prospects of financial advancement, gold and plenty, which impelled them to traverse the dreary plains or penetrate the mountain fastnesses. It was faith in the servants and the revelations of the Lord. These pointed the way to relief and freedom, in the untrodden west, from the plunder, persecution and oppression which forced their exodus. It was a strong religious movement which underlay the settlement of Utah. Our fathers who settled here did not come as colonizers in other states, seeking fortunes, and enjoying adventures; but they came because they were forced by necessity, like the Pilgrim Fathers, to seek an asylum from oppression. This asylum was found, and under the beneficent laws of our country, we, their children, enjoy the inestimable blessings of religious peace and freedom; and in fulfilment of the words of the Savior, our fathers having sought first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, all other things have been added unto their children, in the way of temporal blessings. We should follow their example so that the promise may also be unto us and our children.

In view of these facts, the celebration of Pioneer day should be in keeping with this spirit. Religious freedom, faith in God, the origin and destiny of the Church, and kindred themes should be dwelt upon in the congregations of the people. The speeches and orations should appropriately hold forth these topics to the youth of Zion so that they may learn the true significance of the day. There is danger of their forgetting the history of the Church, its origin, its movements in New York, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, and the true meaning of the migration of the Pioneers to our present home in the mountains. Let the 24th, therefore, be devoted to teaching these truths; and to calling attention to the real reasons of the movement of the Pioneers to this then forbid-

ding desert. The country contained, it is true, the elements of growth in agriculture and pastoral pursuits, as well as the mineral wealth in the everlasting hills; but, as stated, the purpose of the Pioneers was, not that they might enrich themselves with material blessings, but that they might freely and without molestation worship the living God according to the dictates of conscience, and enjoy more liberally freedom from oppression and persecution.

The 24th should be a day of peace and rest. Its celebration should be in complete contrast to the practices generally observed both on the 4th and 24th—when shooting and other war demonstrations frequently endanger property and life, and injure many in body and limb. In short, they should be observed in a becoming manner, in order that the real objects for which the Pioneers as well as the Pilgrim Fathers made their journeys, and so heroically purchased their freedom, might be made plain, so that love of liberty, the preservation of religious toleration, and hatred of the domination of tyrants, may be kept alive and uppermost in the hearts of the people. With such principles and historical facts in view, these glorious days should be commemorated in an intelligent manner instead of in the foolish way now so generally adopted.

If the organization of the Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers shall tend to accomplish these desirable results, and end in having Pioneer Day commemorated in a sensible manner, and in the spirit of the important occasion, and with a view to publicly emphasizing the purposes, faith, history and objects of the Pioneers, in settling the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, it will have accomplished a splendid mission, and shown a valid reason for its existence. But whether or not the society succeeds in this, the leaders in our community should unitedly work to accomplish the desired results.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

MISSIONARY WORK.

I take the liberty, without direct permission from the author, to publish, from a private letter of a kinsman, addressed to his brother, extracts which I think will be interesting reading for

many of the missionaries now in the field, and such as may in the near future be called out for missionary labor; and, I may suggest, also to many of the bishops with whom rests the responsibility of suggesting young men for missionary work. The author of the letter from which I make the excerpts is now absent from his home engaged in business, but, as will be seen, he takes an interest in the branch of the Church where he is employed. The extract from the letter follows.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

We are still conducting our Sunday School and Mutual with interest unabated, and I tell you we have some mighty interesting sessions. We expect to have two elders with us permanently after the first of September. There are undoubtedly some few people in these parts who would accept the gospel, if they had the opportunity of hearing it. It is deplorable that there are not two or three times as many missionaries at command, and then some of those they have would be benefitted by a little more experience and study. It seems to me that they will not be able to overcome these drawbacks until they lengthen the missionary term to three instead of two years. The first year about fifty per cent of them are practically useless. And the second year, when the experience is beginning to do them some good, they spend a good part of their time counting the days until they are to be released. Some day our young men will come to realize the fact that if they are to be successful missionaries, they will have to attend Church schools and pursue a methodical and complete course in theology and spiritual philosophy. Of course, first principles are generally to be preached; but the more intellectual class now-a-days require something more than first principles and mere scriptural authority to overcome their distinct agnostic tendencies; and for one, I cannot see but that the soul of an intellectual man is just as precious as of an uneducated and ignorant one. You cannot reach every man with first principles alone. The gross errors in the creeds, from a philosophical standpoint, have forced many honest souls to reject them; and the next step, because of the interpretations placed on the scriptures by the several sects, is to acquire the impression that the scriptures are not only not infallible, but distinctly faulty. When a man is just in that frame of mind, a gospel founded in truth,—truth scriptural, truth scientific and truth philosophical—and backed by the claim of divine authority, if presented plainly and thoroughly, will appeal to him with power. It is just the thing he is looking for. To such a man the scripture is merely scripture, nothing more. But show him that the gospel is not only scriptural, but distinctly scientific, and in accordance with sound philosophy, and he asks no more. I hope to see the day when our missionaries can reach this class of people, but they will never be able to do it in all the world until they have first had a technical training in those studies which will qualify them for that work. I would like to see the Church schools raise their standard a great deal, and pay somewhat more attention to the higher principles than they do. It is useless to say that they will take care of themselves. No intelligent, clear-thinking, honest-minded young

man but finds it necessary in some way to make these higher principles agree with the experiences of life, and the truths which are revealed from him on every hand in the great book of nature; and unless he has the plain truth of the matter plainly before him, the glaring inconsistencies are not going to add anything to his stock of religious faith and fervor.

I do not like to be considered a pessimist or a knocker, and still less would I want to be thought weak in the faith; but, I tell you frankly, the missionaries they send out here in this part of the world are not all the choicest. They can do some good, of course. They are full of faith, if some somewhat shy on works, and think they are doing their best. If they would supplement their faith by burning a little midnight oil instead of spending so much time at "sociables" and similar functions, they would be able to make up a great deal for what they lack in experience and education. One elder who has visited with us here on several occasions,—and he is really a bright young man, too,—gave us the same and identical sermon on every occasion, delivering with much force and elocutionary effect. Imagine my surprise, sometime after he made his last trip here, at finding his "star" sermon, word for word, in John Morgan's tract, *The Plan of Salvation*. For a young man of the brightness and natural ability to speak, which this elder possessed, isn't it pretty hard to find a satisfactory excuse for such methods? He was so sure that the gospel is true that he did not have to study at all, and to go to the trouble of learning to preach a sermon of his own was beyond his ambition.

This same elder could have made a mark for himself by just a little hard work, and perhaps enough honest inquiry to keep him interested in the revelations of truth which that work would have brought him. As it is, he returns to his home with practically no knowledge, as compared with what it was possible for him to acquire. I am sure there are better missionaries in other parts, and I would like to see some of the better ones sent here, and in the surrounding states. I would rather see representative elders in the states than in the foreign missions. Of course, our elders are sincere, good-hearted, and in every way good men, and we like to have them come and visit us, and the meetings we have are surely most interesting and enjoyable. We think the world of them, and they appear to think as much of us, and we would not hurt their feelings for the world. But the truth remains, they are not as studious and industrious as they might be.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

J. A. Hooper, writing from The Hague, Holland, under date of July 19, says: "The coming of the ERA is looked forward to as the coming of a friend. It is a friend of the missionaries, and we appreciate your kindness in sending it."

Rudolph Pauli, writing from Tremonton, Utah, August 1, says: "The ERA is a splendid magazine. With all my heart I wish you limitless success, and that

you may continue to go on and upward in your noble aim to lead us to a higher sphere where dwells the noble and the beautiful and the grand, of which the ERA is the medium of conveyance.'"

In the Swedish mission for June, there were 59 missionaries laboring in the conferences. They held 1,850 gospel conversations, and visited 12,118 strangers' homes, held 201 meetings, baptized 22, ordained 1, and blessed four children.

It appears that there are 130 missionaries in the Scandinavian mission, and that they visited 31,879 strangers' homes and held 4,868 gospel conversations, 404 meetings, and baptized 32, ordained 9, and blessed 9 children.

Elder Lehi Larsen, president of the Mahia-Waipu, New Zealand, conference, writing to the *Messenger*, says that the gospel work has received a great impetus in this district owing to the work of Sisters Edna Dixon and Mere Whaanga of the Relief Societies. Work-meetings have been organized, and the Relief Societies are doing real, live missionary work, they having appointed native sisters to take up labors among the Saints. The Saints are for the most part living up to the principles of the gospel, and the prospects are bright for the future.

Elder Alma O. Taylor, president of the Japan mission, writing from Tokyo, July 10, says: "The general affairs of this mission are in fair condition. The work here in Tokyo is perhaps the most encouraging possible. We pray that the investigation now going on will result in many conversions, and that a good number will be added to our small ranks. My work on the Book of Mormon translation is receiving the most of my attention, and rapid progress is being made. Rapid progress means 'as quick as possible.' So the end is not yet. We will be greatly disappointed if we do not get the *Brief History of the Church* ready by the middle of August, at the latest, but making books and papers in Japan has proved a very arduous task, and a consumer of years.

Elder Benjamin Goddard and his wife Emma have given their farewell address to the Saints in the New Zealand mission. The *Messenger* of June 29 says editorially:

"Elder Benjamin Goddard and wife left for Sydney per S. S. *Miowera*, Monday, June 25. Since arriving, March 27, they have visited all the European and many of the native branches in the Mission. While here they attended several district conferences and one general conference, where their words of instruction and encouragement will long be remembered. After a few weeks in Australia, they will proceed to the Hawaiian Islands where they will spend about a month, leaving Honolulu in time to reach Zion for the October conference. While here Sister Emma Goddard radiated much sunshine, her words of sympathy and encouragement to the elders have done much to make their pathway brighter. We wish Brother and Sister Goddard *bon voyage*, and a happy return home.

The Independence, Missouri, branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints celebrated the 60th anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley, Utah, on the 24th of July. Two hundred elders, Saints and their friends, gathered to commemorate the historical event. The celebration was held

in Budd Park, in the eastern outskirts of Kansas city. On the program was a historical address by Elder B. F. Cummings of the *Liahona*; a poem, "The Mormon Pioneer," by Elder Osbourn Richins; a recitation, "The Pioneers," by Mrs. Marie Bell. There was also a trio and a quartette by the elders; and a Sunday school class song: "In Our Lovely Deseret." Elder D. H. Fowler gave a monologue, and the benediction was pronounced by Elder Earl Whitley. In the afternoon, there was an amusement program, in which all who participated and witnessed it were highly entertained. Among the songs, solos, anthems, etc., given by the elders was, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." The *Kansas City Times* contained a very favorable notice of the celebration.

President S. O. Bennion, of the Central States Mission, whose headquarters are at Independence, Mo., visited Utah during the latter part of July. He returned home with the body of Elder George William Wood, of Bluff, Utah, who died in Harold, Texas, July 21, of typhoid fever, after a short illness. He had only been in the mission field a few days when he took sick. He was 22 years of age, and unmarried. He labored in the Pan-handle district, in Texas.

Speaking of Texas, Elder Bennion reported that the Latter-day Saints' colony at Kelsey, Texas, which was established by the late Apostle A. O. Woodruff, and Elder J. G. Duffin, is prospering nicely. This settlement was begun some years ago by Wm. E. Read, who went from the Eastern states to live in Texas. He was converted to the gospel, and, together with Edgar Brothers, purchased a tract of land upon which the Saints are now colonized. They have a Sunday School of about two hundred; Elders W. T. Bodine, J. D. H. Cox, and John F. Sanders preside over the colony. The people of Kelsey are prosperous, being engaged in farming and lumbering. Besides the Sunday School, there is a successful Young Men's and Young Women's Improvement Association, and also a Relief society.

On the 14th of July, the Latter-day Saints meetinghouse at Atlanta, Ga., was formally dedicated by Elder George Albert Smith, of the quorum of Twelve Apostles. In the early days of Atlanta it was one of the prominent churches of the city, but had greatly deteriorated. The lot 50 x 105 feet was purchased last May by President Ben E. Rich, and as soon as the property came into the hands of the Church, the elders of the Georgia conference donned their overalls and jumpers, placed their Bibles on the shelves for a brief period and, with carpenter's implements, went to work reconstructing the house of worship. When they had completed their labors, it was found that the Saints and elders of that conference had a comfortable church, 20 x 40 feet, with a parsonage attached containing four comfortable rooms, in addition to a bath room. It will seat about 200 people. The elders did all the labor upon it, cut down the weeds in the lot, and otherwise beautified the place. They did all the work in remodeling the building, except the plumbing. The elders who did the work are—S. W. Golding, president of the conference; Marcus B. Farr; C. E. Walker; Earl J. Lee; Alma Murphy, and A. G. Gunn; also H. C. Carlton and A. L. Meyers worked one week each. The Saints donated liberally of their money, and furnished the elders with food

while they erected with their own hands the little edifice in which the gospel of Christ is now preached to the people. The *Atlanta Constitution* gave the dedication services favorable notice.

President Charles W. Penrose, of the European mission, recently visited Denmark, and while there, dedicated the new meetinghouse at Aalborg, Denmark, on Sunday morning, July 7, at 10 o'clock. President J. M. Christensen, of the Scandinavian mission, and about sixty elders and three lady missionaries, attended. The program was very interesting, the dedication prayer being offered by Elder Charles W. Penrose of the quorum of Twelve Apostles. Especially attractive was the children's choir, lead by a young brother as organist, and by one of the leading young teachers in that conference as director. On Saturday evening, a priesthood meeting was held, largely attended. The new meetinghouse is a beautiful and substantial red-brick building centrally located, in Valdemargade 2. The building is 63 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 25 feet high, with a tower rising some 20 feet above the roof. The auditorium or hall on the second floor will accommodate 300 persons, and the building has a baptismal font, with dressing closets, besides a parsonage for the accommodation of the elders, kitchen, and other necessary rooms. The basement is built of cement, and is especially arranged for a store-room. A building lot was secured in 1906 for 6000 kroner, and the building itself had costs 32,000, kroner (about \$8,600).

President Penrose also visited Norway and Sweden, and held meetings in Christiania and Stockholm. Presidents Matson of Sweden and Christensen of Denmark, and a large number of elders and Saints were in attendance at both cities. In a recent issue of the *Millennial Star*, President Penrose, speaking of his trip to Scandinavia, states that there is considerable indifference among the people in relation to the gospel, and that in all the Scandinavian countries generally the signs for the prosperity of the work are not immediately apparent. The people there, to a large extent, are in a state of religious apathy, having little or no appetite for spiritual food. "They are not hostile to the work of the Lord; they are friendly to the elders; they admit the force of the reasoning and testimony presented, but they do not care about it one way or another. 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die,' seems to express their sentiments."

President Charles W. Penrose has returned to Liverpool from a long series of journeys to visit Conferences in the European mission. They include trips through Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In the *Millennial Star*, August 8, he gives a lively account of his visit. We quote this paragraph.

In Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium there is a spirit of investigation, and more laborers are wanted in the "vineyard," with prospects of a great ingathering of fervent, truth-loving souls. There are hosts of good people in all the countries visited on this trip, and that fact invites the energies and best efforts of our missionaries. The crust of carelessness about religion can be broken through, if faith inspires the work, and the counsel of the Lord is followed: "Search diligently and spare not." Much depends upon the zeal and wisdom in which proselyting is conducted. If approached with an expectation of failure it will be measurably in vain. If the good seed is sown in faith, the harvest is sure to come sooner or later.

OUR WORK.

Y. M. M. I. A. ANNUAL CONVENTIONS, 1907.

To Stake and Ward Officers Y. M. M. I. A.:

DEAR BRETHREN:—The annual conventions of the Y. M. M. I. A. will be held in August, September, and October, 1907, as follows:

Alberta—August 11.

Taylor—August 18.

Panguitch—August 25.

Kanab, Big Horn—September 1.

Beaver, Bannock, Emery, Juab, Malad, San Luis, Hyrum, St. George, Pocatello,—September 8.

Cassia, Granite, Teton, Ensign, Jordan, Nebo, Weber, North Davis, San Juan, Parowan, Sevier—September 15.

Liberty, Star Valley, South Sanpete, Wasatch, Utah, Cache, Oneida, Wayne, Uintah, South Davis—September 22.

Fremont, Blackfoot, Bear Lake, Box Elder, North Sanpete, Summit, Millard, Pioneer, Salt Lake, Alpine—September 29.

Woodruff, Union, Tooele, Benson, Bingham, Morgan—October 13.

Snowflake, St. Joseph, St. Johns, Maricopa, Juarez, will be held in connection with the stake conferences in November.

Stake superintendents will please give special and immediate attention to the following items:

1. Confer with the stake presidency—secure their co-operation and arrange for the conventions.

2. See that your ward and stake organizations are all complete and your class teachers selected before the convention.

3. See that all officers and class teachers are notified, by letter or by personal visit if necessary to secure their attendance.

4. Secure suitable hall or halls for the convention, where both the Young Men's and Young Ladies' officers may be accommodated, without interfering with the Sunday schools or the ward meetings. Consult with the Young Ladies' officers in regard to this. Confer with the officers of the Young Ladies and arrange for entertaining officers who come from a distance; and, if practicable, provide for joint luncheon between sessions.

5. Have all Sunday school teachers who are Mutual Improvement officers or class teachers excused from Sunday school classes to attend the morning session of the convention. This has been provided for by arrangement between the two Boards.

6. Do not neglect to extend a cordial, special invitation to the stake presidency, high councilors, and bishops and their counselors, and all the stake officers of the auxilliary organizations, to attend the convention meetings.

7. See to it that competent persons are selected to treat the subjects at the convention and assign the topics to them in advance, and call attention to the necessity of preparing the subject according to the outlines.

8. Send copies of this circular to every ward president without delay.

9. Hold at least one preliminary meeting of the stake superintendency, aids, and convention speakers, and discuss the convention subjects thoroughly and perfect all arrangements for the convention, in ample time before the date. Secure suitable and well-lighted hall.

10. Confer with the bishop of the ward where convention is to be held and secure the use of the ward meetinghouse for a public evening meeting, which should be well advertised. Have special music by the choir, and arrange for one musical number by the young women and one by the young men. The visiting Board members may occupy the time.

In making these arrangements, care should be taken not to interfere with the sessions of the Sunday schools or regular ward afternoon meetings. Some settlement should be selected where the meetings can be held in a building other than that in which the Sunday school and ward afternoon meetings are held.

Thoroughly advertise your convention throughout your stake; give frequent notice in all ward meetings, Sunday schools and other gatherings, and have a notice published in your local newspaper, in addition to individual notice, personal or by letter, to every Y. M. M. I. A. officer, including the class teacher.

For the work of the Young Men's Associations, two meetings will be held, one at 10 a. m. and one at 2 p. m. In the evening, at the most convenient hour, a joint meeting will be held to which the public should be invited. A program need not be prepared for the evening meeting. In case no visitors from the Board are present, the stake officers should be prepared to occupy the time in presenting to the public the advantages and outlines of M. I. A. work for the season, and otherwise proceed with the convention work.

The meetings will be conducted by the Stake Y. M. M. I. A. officers, under the direction of the representative of the General Board, and the program will consist of the following:

1—Membership, (See Circular of Suggestions, p. 6).

2—Planned Work.

- a. Value and necessity of regular officers' meetings, and persistent missionary work.
- b. Sketch outlines for preliminary programs, and regular Manual work.
- c. Adopt systematic methods for obtaining and distributing Manuals.
- d. Give a synopsis of contents of senior and junior Manuals. (Send for a copy of junior Manual to General Secretary, and see ERA for August for

outlines for senior Manuals). The aim of this season's senior Manual work is to develop spiritual growth by encouraging the young people in the practice of true religion.

- e. Select proficient class leaders, and urge them to develop interest in the classes.
 - f. Create enthusiasm among the officers, and inspire them with the spirit of the work.
3. Leadership.—Leadership in this discussion shall mean the ability and authority to lead.
- a. Elements of Success.—First, faith.—Faith in one's self. A man who hesitates and seeks excuses, will fail as a leader. Second, faith in others. A leader should repose confidence in his subordinates. Third, and first in importance, faith in God. Any person in this Church who presumes to do any portion of the Lord's work without relying upon Him is sure to suffer defeat.
 - b. Choose men for their fitness and direct their abilities. Frequent consultation among officers is essential to success. The do-it-all man discourages his followers; the know-it-all man disgusts them.
 - c. Encouragement is a source of success. Appreciation is the best form of encouragement. Encouragement of the initiative is a source of success. Originality in a leader is a most admirable quality, but the magnanimity of character that will inspire a leader to accept a suggestion and adopt a good plan presented by a subordinate is one of the qualities that makes failure impossible in a leader.
 - d. Knowledge of men and their aptness for work is a means to success. Every man is good for something, and his talent should be utilized. It is the business of M. I. A. leaders to secure the influence of those who preside over them. Co-operation of workers is a source of success.
 - e. Appreciation is an element of true leadership. Magnify men's virtues, and kindly correct their mistakes.
 - f. Leadership means a greater love for those we lead than for the honor accruing from leading.
4. Our Financial Dues.
- a. Necessity for the fund.
 - b. Loyalty to and support of the fund.
 - c. Benefits derived by members.
 - d. Collecting and forwarding. (See Circular of Suggestions, p. 7.)
 - e. Sacredness of trust funds.
5. Our Magazine—IMPROVEMENT ERA.
- a. Hereafter the IMPROVEMENT ERA will be illustrated.
 - b. There will be special articles of interest to boys.
 - c. The ERA will maintain its literary standard; and continue to be the medium for distributing the best writings obtainable.
 - d. Subscriptions: All are invited to assist us to obtain 15,000 sub-

scribers for this volume. By a strong, determined effort every stake can obtain five per cent of the Church population as subscribers, and receive a rebate of twenty-five cents for each subscription. (See Circular of Suggestions, p. 4.)

- e. Value of the ERA as a missionary; a means of developing literary talent; a literary product; the organ of the Y. M. M. I. A.

6. Wholesome Reading.

See ERA for August, pp. 820-830; also July, p. 762.

At the morning meeting the first three subjects will be considered, and the second three at the afternoon meeting.

The stake superintendents will select a competent person to present each of the six subjects, to be followed by questions and general discussion.

We trust that you will make every necessary sacrifice to accomplish the work, and that no excuse will be offered on the day of the convention, but that every requirement will be met.

These M. I. A. conventions, of all our gatherings for officers, are the most important, and should be made the big events of the year. Any neglect will work an injury to the cause. This year's convention ought to be the best ever held, because we are growing. It will require work to make this convention a grand success, but the good which will result will amply repay you for the effort, and we pray that the Lord will bless you accordingly.

OFFICERS.

Joseph F. Smith, General Supt.

Heber J. Grant, Assistant.

B. H. Roberts, Assistant.

Evan Stephens, Music Director.

Horace S. Ensign, Asst. Music Director.

AIDS.

Francis M. Lyman,
John Henry Smith,
J. Golden Kimball,
Junius F. Wells,
Rodney C. Badger,
George H. Brimhall,
Edward H. Anderson,
Douglas M. Todd,
Thomas Hull,
Nephi L. Morris,
Willard Done,
Le Roi C. Snow,
Frank Y. Taylor,
Rudger Clawson,
Rulon S. Wells,
Joseph W. McMurrin,
Reed Smoot,

Briant S. Hinckley,
Moses W. Taylor,
B. F. Grant,
Henry S. Tanner,
Hyrum M. Smith,
Joseph F. Smith, Jr.,
O. C. Beebe,
Lewis T. Cannon,
Benj. Goddard,
George A. Smith,
Thomas A. Clawson,
Louis A. Kelsch,
Lyman R. Martineau,
Charles H. Hart,
John A. Widtsoe,
James H. Anderson,

ALPHA J. HIGGS, General Secretary and Treasurer.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

King Edward Visits Ireland.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Ireland during the second week in July. They were enthusiastically received at Dublin, as they passed in royal procession through the streets. The king wore a green necktie; and the queen a mossgreen and delicate purple bonnet.

Attempt to Kill the French President.—On July 14, while President Fallieres, of France, was returning to Paris from a military review at Long Champs, he had a narrow escape from death. A deranged naval reservist named Maille fired two shots in quick succession at the president as his carriage passed by, but luckily neither of the shots took effect. The incident created considerable excitement, and the man was arrested.

Clemens' Modesty.—Mark Twain, who returned in July from a trip to Great Britain, at which he received honors from Oxford, and also from the king and aristocrats of the kingdom, was questioned, so the papers state, as to the author of the best joke during his trip. The veteran humorist replied that modesty forbade him naming the individual who made the best joke; but when he was asked if he had a good time while dining with King Edward, he was not quite so modest, and promptly replied, "The king did."

"Lusitania."—The Cunard Line has recently built the largest passenger steamship in the world. It is a new turbine steamship, and is named "Lusitania." She will make her first trip to New York early this month. The steamship has 70,000 horse-power, 45,000 tons displacement, and is expected to develop a speed of 25 knots. The steamer is 787 feet long, 87 1-2 feet wide, and her load-draft is 37 1-2 feet. She has nine decks and can carry 3,000 persons, passengers and crew. She has been three years building, at the yards of John Brown & Co., limited, of Clydebank.

Thanks for Books.—The IMPROVEMENT ERA library is indebted to Elder Henry W. Naisbitt for Volumes 1, 2, and 3 of *Zion's Home Monthly*; and also 24 volumes of current literature, neatly bound in leather. We appreciate the gift very much, and the books will find a prominent position in the editorial library. We take this occasion also to wish our friend the comfort and blessing which he now so much needs in the affliction which he is passing through, and thank him sincerely for all the many past favors that he has done in behalf of the young people in contributing his writings for our magazine.

Haywood Acquitted.—William D. Haywood, secretary and treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, who for nearly sixty days was on trial in Boise on the charge of being an accomplice in the assassination of former Governor Steunenburg, of Idaho, was discharged by the jury July 28, having been found not guilty. The public, as represented by the press, apparently are willing to accept the verdict, and to agree with the jury, that Haywood has not been shown guilty of the crimes for which he was tried. Mr. Haywood left a day or two after his release for his home in Denver, passing through Utah on his way. He was met in Ogden and Salt Lake City by a number of his friends and congratulated upon his release. In Denver, it is said, he will resume the work of his office.

The Standard Oil Company Fine —As foreshadowed in the last number of the ERA, Judge Landis, of the United States District Court in Chicago, on August 3, imposed a fine upon the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, of \$29,240,000, the maximum amount upon each one of the 1,462 counts of the indictment on which that company was recently convicted of accepting concessions from the Chicago and Alton Railway on shipments of oil. It is probable that within a short time proceedings will be commenced against the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company for the alleged granting of rebates. There are still seven similar cases against the oil company. These involve 4,422 counts, which in case of conviction would permit the imposition of fines amounting to \$88,090,000.

Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers.—On Wednesday, July 24, by call of the Daughters of the Pioneers, a number of the sons and daughters of early pioneers of Utah met in the Assembly Hall, and organized the "Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers" with United States Senator Reed Smoot as president of the society. The 24th, which was the 60th anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers, was not celebrated in Salt Lake City in a public way, except by the organization of this society. Nearly 400 names were obtained as charter members. Elder Heber J. Grant acted as chairman; and an explanation of the work planned by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers was given by Susa Young Gates, who also explained the part to be taken by the society just organized. Among the speakers were Senator Reed Smoot, Mrs. Zina Y. Card, and Elder George Albert Smith. There was some good singing. At the meeting were present thirty-three pioneers of 1847, seven members of the handcart companies, and fifteen of the Nauvoo Legion. All Pioneers who came to Utah prior to January 1, 1858, were declared honorary members of the society.

The Philippine Election.—The election in the Philippine Islands, held on July 30, showed that the desire among the natives for independence was practically universal. The government party, the "Progressistas," wanted independence, but were willing to wait for it until this government was ready to give it to them. But the "Nacionalistas," who wanted independence at once, out-voted them at the poles, and elected two-thirds of the fifty members of the new Assembly. As previously stated in the ERA, only a few of those who were qualified took the trouble to register, and now it has developed that only a few of those who

registered, voted, so that the actual vote fell considerably short of the registration. The total vote cast will not exceed 100,000, showing the voting strength to be only about one and one-half per cent. Among the members elected for the Assembly is the notorious Dominador Gomez, who formerly had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for aiding the insurgents. The session of the new Assembly will begin on October 16, and Secretary Taft will probably be at Manila a day or two earlier to witness the opening.

Mayor Ezra Thompson of Salt Lake City Resigns.—On the 2nd day of August, Mayor Ezra Thompson, of Salt Lake City, tendered his resignation as mayor of Salt Lake City, to the president and members of the city council, the same to take effect August 12, 1907. His reasons for resigning is that for the past few months his health has been very much impaired, and he would have to leave the city for a while. A few days after his resignation Detective Raleigh resigned. It is generally supposed that the real cause of both of these resignations lies in the resignation of Chief of Police George A. Sheets, who was forced to resign on account of his alleged connection with the McWhirter robbery last fall. The condition of the "American" party, as far as unity is concerned, appears to be very precarious, and the inward fight threatens to dismember the combination. On August 13, John S. Bransford, nationally a Democrat, was elected by the city council to succeed Mr. Thompson as mayor of Salt Lake City. He is said to be a business associate of Thomas Kearns and David Keith, and has resided in Salt Lake City eight years. He was born in Missouri, August 26, 1856, and went to California with his parents in 1864, where he resided until 1899, when he came to Utah. On Monday, Aug. 19, Roderick McKenzie was appointed Chief of Police for Salt Lake City.

Syllabus of Pope Pius X.—Early in August the head of the Roman Catholic church issued a syllabus which is considered the most important that has been issued by the Vatican in nearly half a century. It concerns errors in the Catholic faith which has resulted from so-called "modern criticism." It is believed by many that the document of the Pope will root out and banish forever from the faith the new ideas resulting from "modern criticism." It condemns with no lack of decision, modern errors concerning the interpretation of the gospels, and the life, works, miracles, and death of Christ. It is the first document of the kind to be issued since Pope Pius the IX gathered a syllabus of some 80 popular errors in December, 1864. The document also condemns, through the agency of the holy and universal inquisition, the most prominent of the errors which Catholic writers have written under the pretext of higher research, and in the name of history. These writings are alleged to explain away the dogmas of the church, and it appears that the errors which they contain are spread more and more among the faithful Catholics, thus corrupting the purity of the faith. It is to correct these errors that the Pope has issued the important document which contains some 52 propositions which are proscribed and condemned by this general decree.

Korea and Japan.—The emperor of Korea undertook to send agents to the

conference at The Hague to protest against Japanese encroachments upon Korean independence. This action irritated the Japanese government, and the result was that, under pressure from his cabinet, the emperor of Korea abdicated on July 20, and the crown prince, his son, succeeded to the throne. There was rioting at Seoul and a number of Japanese were killed. Japanese authority in Korea, however, is now practically absolute, for on July 25 the new premier of Korea, and the resident general of Japan, Marquis Ito, signed an agreement binding the Korean government to follow the directions of the resident general in the reform of the administration, to enact no laws or ordinances without his previous approval, to make no appointments or dismissals of high officials without his consent, and to appoint such Japanese to official positions as he may recommend. The Japanese have disbanded the Korean army without serious opposition, only 120 casualties being connected with it. Out of the army of 6,000, one-half offered no resistance. The emperor is allowed to keep six battalions of Koreans as a guard of honor; all the other troops in the country will hereafter be Japanese. In the early part of August Prince Tiyoung Oui Yi, who was a member of The Hague delegation, arrived in New York, and tried to arouse American sympathy for his distressed country, but the United States have some little matters of their own to settle with Japan, which precludes sympathetic interference in behalf of poor Korea, even if this country were inclined to pity.

New Movement Among the Seventies.—The following circular was issued June 12, 1907, by the First Presidency of the Church:—

To the First Council of the Seventy—Dear Brethren:—We have felt for some time the necessity of increasing the efficiency of our missionaries whom we send into the world to preach the gospel and represent the Church in the several countries where openings can be found for the proclamation of God's message to the people. As the body of the Priesthood over which the First Council immediately preside, the quorums of the Seventies, constitute more especially the missionary force of the Church, we have deemed it proper that they should have improved opportunities for meeting in a quorum capacity to pursue those studies necessary to equip them for the special work of their ministry. At present your quorums are meeting in a very irregular manner, some monthly, some semi-monthly, others once in three months, others weekly, but only part of the year; and under these circumstances your quorums have not been able to follow any uniform plan of studies or any line of work that would give them the kind of training that would effectually prepare them for their ministry. In view of all this, we now direct that you inform the Seventies through communication with the respective councils of the quorums that they are at liberty to hold their quorum meetings on Sunday mornings, at such hours as they may determine upon as most convenient for them, say between 9 a. m. and 12 noon, and at such places as they may be able to secure without interfering with any other organizations of the Church.

We are aware, of course, that this change will affect the relations of some of the Seventies with Sunday School work, but where that is the case, you are at liberty to inform the members of your quorums that they can be relieved of attendance upon and service in the Sunday Schools, except where engaged as

superintendents or heads of departments where their places cannot be immediately filled by the selection of others; in such cases it may be necessary to release them as Seventies, have them ordained High Priests, and devote themselves to Sunday School work, unless they, or any of them, prefer to remain Seventies, in which event, they should be excused from attending the quorum classes, a thing which might be done without in any way interfering with the spirit and progress of this work, as the brethren occupying these positions are supposed to be capable men along theological lines. But as the Sunday Schools will have the High Priests, Elders, all the lesser priesthood, and all the sisters in the Church to draw upon for their work, we believe the cases will be very few where it will be necessary to release Seventies from their quorums. In carrying out these directions you will caution your local presidents not to intrude upon the Sunday Schools or their work. All arrangements as to place for holding quorum meetings must be made without disturbing any of their departments or classes. We also suggest that you except out of your Seventies' meetings all those Sabbath days on which quarterly conferences and ward conferences of the respective stakes and wards where the respective quorums meet, in order that the Seventies in common with the rest of the Priesthood may attend these general appointments of the Church; but as these excepted Sundays will not exceed more than ten, the arrangements herein suggested will give the Seventies an opportunity to follow a practical, uninterrupted course of study.

We also suggest that you solicit the co-operation and assistance of the local authorities in bringing to pass these changes, that all may be done in harmony and good feeling. In order to further aid you in affecting these changes, we have written a letter to the Presidents of the Stakes apprising them of these matters, and have asked them to co-operate with you therein.

We further suggest that in connection with securing these improved opportunities for holding your quorum meetings that the First Council outline a course of study that shall have special reference to qualifying men for labor in the mission work of the Church.

Praying God to bless you in your efforts to make more efficient the great body of the Priesthood over which you preside, we are,

Your brethren, Jos. F. Smith, John R. Winder, Anthon H. Lund, First Presidency.

President Seymour B. Young, in behalf of the First Council of Seventy, issued a circular to the Presidents of Seventies' quorums, under date of July 12, calling attention to this communication of the First Presidency, ordering such changes in conformity therewith as will place the Seventies upon a studying basis during the coming season. The first meeting under the new arrangements will be held on the first Sunday in November, 1907, at which time a manual for the first years' work is promised, to consist of a course of forty-five lessons on the four authoritative books recognized by the Church as containing the doctrines of the Gospel, *viz.*, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. The key note of the coming year's work will be, "A workman should know his tools."

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